







# **THE BUSY-BODIES.**





# THE BUSY-BODIES;

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHORS OF "THE ODD VOLUME."

"TAK IT AMANG YE," SAID JENNY DENNISON.

*Tales of my Landlady.*

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER I.

Alas ! when angry words begin  
Their entrance on the lips to win ;  
When sullen eye and flushing cheek  
Say more than bitterest tone could speak ;  
And look and word, than fire or steel,  
Give wounds more deep,—time cannot heal ;  
And anger digs, with tauntings vain,  
A gulf it may not pass again.

L. E. L.

“ WE have not yet taken Mrs Lennox to see Dalkeith Palace,” said Sir Thomas one evening, when Willoughby, Spencer, and Ashley were with them.—“ Should you like to go ?” he continued, addressing his daughter-in-law ; “ there are some very fine paintings there.”

“ Nothing would delight me more,” re-

plied Mrs Lennox, who, though she did not care three straws for the finest paintings in the world, and only knew a Vandyke when she saw it on her frills, was always in the humour for any scheme which promised amusement; “ I shall be quite charmed to see the Palace.”

“ Suppose, then,” said Sir Thomas, “ that we fix to-morrow for the excursion; but, with this proviso, that the day is favourable.—Have you any objections,” he continued, addressing the gentlemen, “ to join our party?”

“ None in the world,” they all exclaimed; “ we shall be most happy to accompany you.”

“ I think,” said the Baronet, “ that we should set out soon after twelve o’clock.”

This being agreed to, it was also arranged that the gentlemen should be in Hope Street a quarter before the important hour.

“ How does the night look, Charles?” said Ellinor, as soon as the visitors had left them.

“ Very watery,” he gravely replied ; “ I am quite sure we shall have a pretty deluge to-morrow. The clouds are flying as if the very devil were chasing them.”

“ Let me look,” said Ellinor, approaching the window. “ Nonsense,” she exclaimed, on beholding a beautifully clear and settled sky, “ I never saw a finer night.”

“ That is just the reason,” said Charles, “ that you should expect a rainy morning.”

“ Lennox,” said his lady, “ is always prophesying evil ; but I don’t mind him now.”

“ That’s an old trick of his,” said Ellinor ; “ but, I assure you, I mind him no more than you do.”

“ Very well,” said Charles, “ we shall see ; but if it does not pour to-morrow, I never was more mistaken in my life.”

“ I don’t believe you think any such thing,” said Ellinor ; “ and, I dare say, you just say it will rain to tease us.”

“ Ellinor,” said Catherine, who thought

it as prudent to retire, in case this might terminate in a downright dispute, as she had frequently known similar trifles end, “are you coming to bed? I have been standing with the candle in my hand this half hour, there is your one; so, pray let us go up stairs.”

“You are in a great hurry, I think,” said Ellinor; “what can have made you so sleepy to-night?”

“Oh, pray,” said Charles, “do take another peep at those flying clouds before you retire to your downy pillow. ’Tis a pity to go away before they look more settled.”

“Go you and settle yourself in your bed,” said Ellinor, pettishly, as she followed Catherine, “and please let me alone.”

“What a spoiled petted girl she is,” said Charles to his wife, as soon as she had quitted the room; “’tis a great pity she cannot take a jest.”

“I always thought her a disagreeable creature,” replied Mrs Lennox; “but I

really think you spoil her quite as much as any one."

"I must say, madam," exclaimed Charles, angrily, (who, although he had himself found fault with Ellinor, was by no means pleased that his lady had taken the same liberty,) "that this is not a proper way to speak of my sister. I beg that in future you will speak with more respect of my friends."

"That will just depend on your friends deserving it," said Mrs Lennox, carelessly. "You yourself allowed that Ellinor was spoiled and petted, so I was doing nothing more than agreeing with you; but whether you think her petted or not petted, I not only think it, but shall have no hesitation in saying so. But I am tired, so we may as well go to bed."

And with these words she quitted the apartment, leaving her lord and master to follow at his leisure.

"What kind of morning is it, Campbell?" said Ellinor, as the latter entered



her chamber, in obedience to an unusually early summons ; “ I hope it does not rain.”

“ Not a drop, ma’am,” replied the waiting-maid ; “ ’tis a very fine morning, ma’am.”

“ Look at my watch, and tell me the hour.”

“ Eight o’clock, ma’am,” said Campbell.

“ Only eight ? why, I thought it was much later ; but since ’tis so early, I won’t get up for half an hour yet ; so you may draw my curtains, and go down stairs ; but be sure and come the moment you hear me ring. You may call Miss Dundas. I know she likes to rise early.”

“ Miss Dundas has been out this hour with Miss Clara ; she was up and dressed before seven o’clock.”

“ I wonder what can take her out so early,” muttered Ellinor, as she composed herself for another nap. “ I am sure there’s nothing to be seen at this time of the morning.”

“ George tells me,” said Sir Thomas, as the family assembled at breakfast, “ that

one of the carriage horses is so lame, he fears we must not take him out with us to-day. 'Tis a pity that this should happen just now, when we had fixed to go to Dalkeith."

"You can take our horses," said Charles. "we won't require them; there will be room enough in your carriage for yourself and the ladies, and I shall take the dicky."

"I dare say that will be the best plan," said the Baronet; "so, Charles, you may pull the bell, and give your orders to the coachman."

"You know, Lennox," exclaimed his lady, far from satisfied with this arrangement, "that our bays are very slight, and not accustomed to draw such a heavy carriage. It will absolutely kill the poor creatures to drag such a weight after them: and such a distance too."

"Nonsense," said Charles, in great displeasure, as he rose to pull the bell. "The horses have been pampered long enough in

their stable, it is high time that we should take the use of them."

"I beg," said the indignant Sir Thomas, addressing his daughter-in-law, "that you will make yourself perfectly easy; for I intend, madam, to send for post-horses, since you seem to think that the weight of my carriage will kill yours."

"I won't hear of such a proposal," exclaimed Charles, with increasing wrath; "'tis the most absurd thing in the world, to say that the bays can't draw your carriage—great, strong, lazy animals! I wish you would take them out every day; they would be infinitely the better of the exercise. You are going to Dalkeith to please Mrs Lennox, and it is very proper that we should take our own horses; so I beg you will not say another word upon the subject, otherwise neither she nor I will be of the party—that I'm determined on."

Sir Thomas, seeing Charles so firm, at last consented that the bays should be put

to the barouche ; and as Mrs Lennox began to fear, should she make any further opposition to this arrangement, that she would run the risk of having this party of pleasure overturned, with most unusual prudence she refrained from hazarding a reply. Little was said during breakfast ; and, after a hurried meal, the ladies retired to equip for the projected expedition.

“ I think,” said Ellinor, “ that this new relation of ours improves wonderfully ! did you ever see such a disobliging wretch ? I really thought at one time that she and papa were fairly in for a battle royal ! I don’t wonder he was angry. And then that pepper-pod Charles, how he blazed up when his wife said his bays were too slight to draw our heavy barouche ! I could have laughed with all my heart, but the fear of an end being put to our excursion kept me quiet. I am sure nobody cares a straw for either her or her horses : they are just fit company for her. She can’t dislike her

brutes being put to the outside of our carriage, more than we dislike that she should be put in the inside. A pretty prospect we have, to be cooped up a whole day with such a disagreeable termagant ! And then I know she is so selfish, she will take good care to secure a seat at the pleasantest window. I vow I shan't be crushed in the middle. I wish Charles would take his beautiful wife beside him on the dicky."

" You know, Ellinor," said Catherine, " there are but five of us, and——"

" Quite enough, in all conscience," interrupted Ellinor. " I hate to travel in a carriage stuffed like a baggage waggon."

" Consequently," continued Catherine, " only one of us will have to sit in the middle ; and as I have not your antipathy to that much condemned seat, I shall take possession of it ;—so make yourself easy on that head."

" It has been a pretty bungled party of pleasure, I must say. I look forward to

absolute martyrdom. I abominate three on a side ; and I must either endure that, or sit next papa, which is as bad : he won't be drawn forward, and Mrs Lennox can't be drawn backward. I wish people, when they go on parties of pleasure, would have fewer whims, and learn to be less selfish, and more accommodating. I am quite prepared to have my eyes poked out. That sister-in-law of mine is famous at flaring her odious parasol in one's face ; in fact, so that she saves her own brick-dust complexion, she seems to care very little about the comfort or convenience of her neighbours. I have half a mind to ride."

" You must not think of such a thing—Sir Thomas will never allow it ; and I am sure you would feel very unpleasant, in being the only female equestrian among so many officers."

" Unpleasant—I should find it quite the reverse ; and then it would provoke Mrs Lennox. I see she wants to engross their

attentions all to herself; and, were she not married, I should strongly suspect she had a plot upon Willoughby. Now, by riding, I would have him all to myself, and I should take especial care to keep him pretty far behind the carriage. Oh, how I would enjoy her rage. For all these wise and potent reasons I shall just determine to ride; besides, I become my habit amazingly, which is a still stronger reason for being an equestrian."

"Let me persuade you, Ellinor, to give up this project; only think how foolish you would look should Sir Thomas not allow you to go, which I am certain will be the case."

"I don't intend that he shall know I am going to ride, till just the moment before he sets out; and then, you know, he can't squabble before strangers: besides, I have made up my mind to ride, and ride I shall; so say no more about it. Campbell," she continued, "go down and tell

George to saddle my horse, and be sure you tell him not to bring him round till we are all ready to set off."

"Where is Ellinor?" said Sir Thomas, when the party met in the drawing-room; "we are all ready, and only wait for her. I wish, Catherine, you would call her to make haste. Oh, here she comes—so we may proceed. Major Willoughby, will you give Lady Lennox your arm to the carriage? I shall take Mrs Lennox under my charge, and we shall show you the way."

Mrs Lennox, though by no means delighted with her escort, was obliged to walk off with the baronet, secretly envying her ladyship the arm of the handsome Major.

"Who the devil is this horse for?" inquired the fiery Sir Thomas, on observing Ellinor's palfrey—"Who is going to ride, pray?"

"Miss Lennox, sir," said William.

"The devil she is!"

"Yes, papa," said Ellinor, coming for-



ward, " I intend to ride, for I prefer it infinitely to the carriage."

" But I," said the Baronet, " don't intend to permit you. What! ride in such a broiling day as this is! Is the girl in her senses? I fancy you want to be laid up with a fever. I shall permit no riding in such weather. William, take the horse round to the stable."

" I don't care to go, then," said Ellinor pettishly, " if I am not to ride."

" Oh, Ellinor," said Catherine, " do oblige Sir Thomas, and get into the carriage. See, you keep us all waiting."

" At any rate," said Ellinor in a peevish tone, " if I do go, I must first take off my habit; and as that will detain you, you had much better go and leave me behind."

" Lennox," exclaimed his lady from the carriage, " I really wish you would hurry these people. You know how injurious it is to keep our horses standing so long in this hot sun; and, besides, I am tired to

death waiting for you ; and, indeed, I have yet to learn what you all mean by standing staring at each other."

" I believe," said Willoughby, who had not lost one word of the whole discussion, " that we wait till Miss Lennox takes off her habit."

" Takes off her habit !" said Mrs Lennox ; " why did she put it on, if she did not mean to go in it ?"

" She intended to ride," replied Willoughby, " but Sir Thomas seems rather to wish that she should go in the carriage."

" And much more proper, I think," said Mrs Lennox, " than to be galloping round the country with you officers." Willoughby laughed. " But, Ellinor," she continued, " I really wish you would terminate this dispute ; if you won't go in your habit, why don't you take it off?—You must always have a fuss made about you."

" Ellinor," said Charles with some heat, " either make up your mind to go or stay :

don't you see you are detaining the whole party?"

"She is going," said Catherine; "take your seat, and we will follow directly."

Catherine's good-natured interference was not lost upon Willoughby, who stood a silent, but not inattentive observer of the whole proceedings. At length, by the urgent entreaties of her cousin, Ellinor was prevailed upon to travel in her habit; and with a most discontented air she allowed Spencer to hand her to the carriage.

"Do you wish," said Sir Thomas, addressing Mrs Lennox, "to have the top of the barouche up or down?"

"Oh, down, by all means," she replied, in the hope of thus having a better opportunity of flirting with the officers—"I vote for having it down."

"We shall be choaked with dust," said Ellinor, who would also have preferred it open, had not Mrs Lennox expressed a wish to the same effect, "and the sun is so hot, it will be quite insufferable."

“ I wonder,” said the Baronet, “ I wonder if sitting in an open carriage will make you any warmer than riding on horseback under a burning sun ?—Ride, indeed ! I never heard such an improper proposal ; you are much better where you are.”

“ I am quite of your opinion,” said Mrs Lennox, who never allowed an opportunity of mortifying Ellinor to pass. “ I am quite of your opinion. Young ladies are always the better of being under the eye of their friends.”

“ Mrs Lennox,” said Catherine, ashamed of this bickering, “ look what a sweet cottage that is we are just coming to.”

“ Mrs Lennox,” added Sir Thomas, “ can see nothing till we get the barouche opened. We should have had it done before we set off,—but we can easily stop and open it now. Stop, George,” he exclaimed. “ Mrs Lennox,” continued Sir Thomas, “ do you wish the half or the whole of the top down ?”

Mrs Lennox paused to consider which would prove most disagreeable to her companions, before she gave her decision : but on Ellinor's saying, " I wish to Heaven it was nailed up, so that it could never be opened ;" she immediately begged that the whole might be lowered.

The opening of the carriage was the signal for Mrs Lennox to unfurl her parasol, which, as Ellinor had surmised, she flared most unceremoniously in the faces of all who had the misfortune to be seated within reach of this annoyance.

" I will thank you, madam," said Ellinor, " to keep your parasol out of my eyes." But Mrs Lennox either was, or pretended to be, too much occupied in speaking to Willoughby, who rode on that side of the carriage, to pay any attention to this admonition. This so enraged Ellinor, that on its point again approaching her, she, with a dexterity surprising even to herself, twitched it out of her hand, and sent it into the

air, where, after cutting a few capers, it descended with considerable force on the head of Lady Lennox ; and, getting entangled in the feathers and flowers of her bonnet, kept such firm hold, as for some time to bid defiance to all the efforts of Catherine to extricate this most unwelcome addition from her ladyship's head-dress.

“ Good Heavens !” exclaimed Mrs Lennox, in amazement at the sudden disappearance of her property, “ where is my parasol ? I had it this instant ; some one must have twitched it from my hand.”

Here she fixed her eyes upon Ellinor, who, overjoyed at the success of her exploit, could not conceal her mirth, and her audible titter convinced Mrs Lennox that she was the offender.

“ Upon my word, Miss Lennox,” she began, “ I don't understand such behaviour. Pray, what do you mean by forcing my parasol from my hand in this rude manner ?”

“ How do you know it was me ?” said

Ellinor. " I am sure you can't say you saw me touch your parasol ?"

" Although I did not see you," replied the enraged Mrs Lennox, " I am quite convinced you did it. There is no one else but yourself who would be so rude."

" I never heard," said Ellinor, with provoking insolence, " that people were obliged to criminate themselves. I don't think I am at all bound to enlighten you upon the subject ; but whoever has done the deed, deserves the thanks of the whole party. Really parasols in a carriage are a very great annoyance ; and, I must say, you have the art of flourishing yours in an uncommon style."

While this parley was going forward, the increasing voice of Sir Thomas was heard in high indignation. " What the devil," he exclaimed, " is this in my car ? The pike of a parasol ! I really wish, Lady Lennox, you would leave these things at home."

" The parasol is none of mine," said her

ladyship, in high indignation ; “ I have no more love for them than you have ; and if your ear has suffered from this one, so have my feathers and flowers. I know as little as you do to whom it belongs ; but this I know, that it has completely destroyed the ribbons of my bonnet. Catherine, look if the straw is injured.”

“ You seem,” said Sir Thomas, “ to be more anxious about your gew-gaws, than about your husband’s ear. I dare say, madam, the pike went into it as far as that, (measuring his finger,) and it is still very painful. But whom does it belong to ? I don’t believe I shall allow one of them to be brought into the carriage again.”

“ The parasol is mine,” said Mrs Lennox, “ and I will thank you for it.”

“ Yours !” exclaimed her ladyship ; “ and was it you who threw it here ? I must say there is something very extraordinary in all this—I can’t understand it.”

“ I am not in the habit,” said Mrs Lennox, “ of behaving so rudely to any one ;



but if you will ask your daughter, she perhaps may be able to enlighten you on the subject."

Little more was said till the party arrived at the gate of the Palace, where they alighted and entered the grounds.

## CHAPTER II.

We may roam through this world, like a child at a feast.

Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest ;

And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,

We may order our wings, and be off to the west.

MOORE.

“ I THINK,” said Sir Thomas, “ we should first see the Palace, and then visit the gardens.”

“ I would much rather see where this pretty walk leads to,” said Mrs Lennox, taking Willoughby’s arm ; “ I suppose we are not obliged to move *en masse*. In my opinion, each should go where fancy leads.”

“ Anne,” cried Charles, “ as my father wishes us to view the house now, we must do so,—I don’t see the use of separating the party.”

“ Good la, Lennox !” exclaimed his unaccommodating lady, “ I am sure it does not signify what we see first. I thought it was a party of pleasure, and made for *me* ; but for my part, I shall find little pleasure in the business, if I am not allowed to move without leave from the commanding officer, and without having the whole party in my train.”

“ Mrs Lennox,” said the offended Baronet, “ may choose her own path—we shall certainly not intrude on her.”

“ Anne, this is quite ridiculous,” exclaimed Charles. “ I beg,” he continued, addressing Sir Thomas, “ that you will lead the way to the Palace. It is all the same to us which we visit first.”

“ Oh,” replied the Baronet, “ I could not think of forcing Mrs Lennox to be amused against her inclination.”

Catherine observing Charles’s discomposure, quitted the arm of Spencer, and joining Sir Thomas, said, “ Come, dear uncle, I carry you off as my escort. I want you

to point out the best paintings to me. There are some very fine ones here, of which I wish much to have your opinion." And in setting Sir Thomas upon Guido, Raphael. &c., by the time the party entered the hall, the Baronet had recovered his usual portion of good-humour.

So soon as Willoughby could shake off his companion, he joined Sir Thomas and Catherine, to the great mortification of Elinor, who felt deep displeasure at the indifference he showed for her society, and who was still more provoked at having Ashley only for her escort, her petulance to Spencer having driven him from her. After having gone through the apartments of the Palace, and examined all that was worthy of their attention, this party of displeasure now assembled on the lawn, Willoughby still remaining with the Baronet and Catherine, and most dexterously eluding all the manœuvres of Mrs Lennox to attach him exclusively to herself, and who, seeing nothing better could be made of it, pre-

pared to join Ellinor and Ashley. Ellinor, by no means relishing this addition to her party, no sooner saw her approaching, than twitching Ashley's arm, she exclaimed, "Come, let us try who will get first to the end of this walk :—" and setting off at a round pace, Ashley, always ready for a frolic, quickly followed her, neither of them paying the least attention to Mrs Lennox, who called to them to wait for her.

"What, in the name of wonder, could possess you to set off at such a pace?" cried Ashley, laughing, as soon as she stopped.

"I will tell you as soon as I can speak," said Ellinor.

"You certainly astonished me," cried Ashley, still laughing; "but surely you could never imagine that you were able to out-run me?"

"I never thought about the matter," replied Ellinor; "my object was to get away from that tiresome woman, Mrs Lennox, who I saw was on the point of joining us. I think I deserve great praise for my pre-

sence of mind ; but we must not stand longer here, or the enemy will overtake us."

" But," replied Ashley, " are you not afraid that Mrs Lennox may discover your motive, and be displeased ?"

" Oh, we are not to be supposed to know that she intended favouring us with her delightful company ; besides, nobody minds displeasing her,—at least I don't. But let us now see where the rest of the party have wandered to."

Just as they were about to put this plan into execution, Mrs Lennox suddenly appeared from behind some bushes.

" Are you there?" said Ellinor, with the greatest nonchalance. " Where, in the name of wonder, did you drop from ? I am sure I saw you but a short time since, safe under the care of Major Willoughby. Have you tired of him, or *vice versa*, that we have now the pleasure of your company ?"

" You knew very well," replied Mrs Lennox, " I was coming to join you ; and

I suppose that was the reason you scampered off with Mr Ashley in such an improper manner. It is fortunate Sir Thomas did not see you."

"I assure you," said Ellinor, very coolly, "papa approves highly of all kinds of exercise,—and how do you know but that it was by his desire I did run? You know it circulates the blood, and is besides a famous cosmetic; and I declare, to judge from the brilliancy of your complexion, one would imagine you had run round the grounds already. You look quite rosy, and remind one of the Irish song, which goes so, you know:" Here she hummed, "Her cheeks were like strawberries smothered in cream."

"Miss Lennox," replied the indignant lady, "I won't stand here to be made a fool of."

"Who bids you stand?" retorted Ellinor.

"We had better," said Ashley, "join the party,—they will wonder what has become of us. Mrs Lennox," he continued, "will you take my arm?" and he offered

the other to Ellinor ; who, angry with him for his politeness to Mrs Lennox, declined his assistance, and sauntered behind them till they came up with the others.

“ Where the mischief have you been ?” exclaimed Charles. “ We have all been wondering what had become of you.”

“ Miss Lennox and Mr Ashley,” replied his lady, “ have been running a race, and your sister says it was by the desire of Sir Thomas.”

“ I desire my daughter to run a race !” exclaimed the astonished Sir Thomas. “ I beg, Mrs Lennox, that in future no such liberties may be taken with my name. Ellinor never could make such an improper assertion.—Ellinor,” continued he, turning to his daughter, “ I beg you will explain this very extraordinary affair.”

“ A race certainly was run,” replied Ellinor, with great coolness ; “ but I leave you to judge, sir, if it is likely that *your* daughter would do such a thing !”

“ Upon my honour, Mrs Lennox,” said



Sir Thomas, "I don't at all approve of these jests; they may, to be sure, be very fashionable; but, let me tell you, I think them highly reprehensible."

"If there is any person to be reprehended," replied Mrs Lennox, in a rage, "it is your own daughter."

"Have done with all this nonsense," exclaimed Charles, "and let us go to the gardens."

The gardens having been visited and admired, the party proceeded to the bowling-green, where Mrs Lennox made another attempt to attract the attention of Willoughby, who, however, still retained his place beside Catherine. While they were all engaged in expressing their admiration of the beautiful scenery—Ellinor, who was never happy but when about some mischief, entered the summer-house, and taking up one of the bowls, stepped into the middle of the green, and took her aim so well as to graze the foot of Mrs Lennox, and disperse in an instant to right and left the assembled

party, who little expected such an interruption.

“ Good heavens, my foot !” exclaimed Mrs Lennox, “ I believe my ancle bone is broken.”

“ Where the mischief,” exclaimed Sir Thomas, “ did that bowl come from ? I swear it has taken the skin off my heel.”

“ Oh, my foot !” once more ejaculated Mrs Lennox ; “ I don’t know how I am to walk to the carriage.”

“ Permit me to assist you,” said Willoughby, who understood the hint, and offered her his arm.

“ I declare,” said Ellinor, laughing heartily, on observing that her aim had taken effect, “ these bowls should be discarded ; they certainly have a most improper bias ; but I hope,” continued she, addressing Mrs Lennox, “ that it did not hit you ?”

“ You hope, indeed ! I dare say you aimed it purposely at me.”

“ Ellinor,” said Sir Thomas, “ I am surprised that you could act with such impro-

priety; not that I can for a moment suppose you intended to hit Mrs Lennox, but that you should ever have thought of playing on other people's bowling-green. It was very wrong; I wonder how you could do such a thing."

"I suppose," said Ellinor, "we must ascribe it to my having, like the said bowls, a wrong bias."

After having admired the bridge and the view from it, Sir Thomas, looking at his watch, announced that it was time to be off, and Mrs Lennox, leaning on the Major, and limping more than the occasion warranted, led the way.

"I wish, Catherine," said Charles, as the ladies were getting into the carriage, "you would come up beside me on the dicky; it is very tiresome sitting alone without a soul to speak to."

As this was a seat to which she was not particularly partial, Catherine hesitated; but she was induced to agree to this proposal, by hearing Mrs Lennox say, "Do,

Catherine, go up beside Lennox, and give us a little more room in the carriage."

She therefore consented to his proposal and, after carefully assisting her to mount, Charles seated himself beside her. They chatted for a while about all that they had seen at Dalkeith, when Charles, who was very fond of horses, suddenly exclaimed to Willoughby, "What a beautiful animal that is of yours; I should like amazingly to purchase him."

"Don't you think," replied Willoughby, "that it would be prudent to try him first?"

"If you will change places with me," replied Charles, "I shall do so instantly."

"With all my heart," replied Willoughby, dismounting.

"Stop, George, till I get down," exclaimed Charles; and before Catherine had time to dissuade him, Charles had mounted the spirited animal, and Willoughby was seated beside her. So long as Charles was her companion, the two amiable sisters found

no fault with the seat she had chosen, but the moment Willoughby had taken his place, their indignation burst forth in the following conversation ; for Catherine's envied situation had the effect of making Ellinor and Mrs Lennox forget their former bickerings.

“ I don't see,” exclaimed Mrs Lennox, “ what right she has to be up there. It was highly improper in Lennox to allow Major Willoughby to take his place ; he ought to have remained where he was, instead of running the risk of breaking his neck by riding that half-broke vicious animal.”

“ And for my part,” said Ellinor, “ I think there is much less impropriety in riding on horseback with an intimate friend or two, than in being stuck up there with a gentleman ; but Miss Catherine knows very well what she is about. She was mighty prudent, forsooth, and thought I would feel so unpleasant riding near an officer ; but, at any rate, I am sure I would not have

been half so near him as she is, squeezed up there. She was anxious that I should go in the carriage, afraid, no doubt, that I would engross the attention of the Major. Miss Catherine can play the Saint to a marvel when she has any point to gain."

"Only listen," said Mrs Lennox, "how loud they are talking; they are attracting the attention of every mortal on the road."

"I dare say," rejoined Ellinor, "it was all a concerted plan; for I saw Charles whisper something to her just as she was getting up. I suppose he was telling her he meant to change places with Willoughby. You saw she hesitated at first, but I fancy that proposal determined her. Wishing to buy his horse, indeed! a very likely story, when he has already more than he knows what to do with."

While all this was going on inside of the carriage, those on the outside, wholly unconscious of the annoyance they were giving to their neighbours, passed their time quite to their satisfaction.

“What a beautiful view!” said Willoughby, addressing the ladies in the carriage, but again turning to Catherine without waiting for an answer.

“If one could see it,” retorted Mrs Lennox. “He may speak of views indeed, perched up in the air! I wonder if he thinks we can see anything in this odious low-hung carriage. I always hated a *barouche*; it holds too many. I am determined for the future to use my own *landau-let*.”

“I wish to Heaven,” cried Ellinor, “that it would rain, were it only to provoke them. They are talking at a pretty rate. I see the demure Miss Catherine can flirt like other people.”

“I am afraid we are going to have a shower,” said Ashley, riding up to the carriage.

“Indeed!” exclaimed Ellinor, delighted at the thought of breaking up the dicky *tête-à-tête*; “then I think Catherine ought

to come into the carriage, and we should have it closed immediately."

"I beg the carriage may be closed," said Mrs Lennox; "it has become extremely cold—I have been shivering this half hour."

"Catherine, my dear," said Sir Thomas, "you had better come down,—Mr Ashley thinks we shall soon have a shower."

"I assure you, Sir Thomas," exclaimed Willoughby, "we shall not have a drop of rain to-day. It is quite clear to windward, and the black cloud which has frightened Ashley is going from us."

"I am quite of Major Willoughby's opinion," said Sir Thomas, "that there will be no rain to-day; so Catherine, my dear, you may stay where you are with perfect safety; but, as Mrs Lennox complains of cold, we must stop a few minutes and close the carriage." And in spite of all Mrs Lennox's attempts to persuade him that the shivering had gone off, the Baronet was peremptory; and in a few seconds this jar-



ring party were shut up together, leaving Catherine and Willoughby to the undisturbed enjoyment of each other's society.

When the ladies found all their attempts to separate Catherine and Willoughby were unavailing, their ill-humour increased tenfold ; and Ashley, who was riding beside them, finding them both so disagreeable, dropped behind and joined Charles and Spencer, with whom he continued, till the whole party arrived in Hope Street. As it was late, the gentlemen declined going in ; and having handed the ladies from the carriage, they made their bows, and rode off.

Catherine, who preceded Mrs Lennox and Ellinor up stairs, was making some remark to the latter, when, to her amazement, she brushed past her—dashed open the door of her apartment, and then shut it with a noise which made the whole house resound. Catherine had not yet recovered from her surprise at this strange conduct, when Mrs

Lennox also bounced forward, muttering to herself,—“ A party of pleasure indeed !” and entering her apartment, slammed to the door and drew the bolt, leaving Catherine standing like a statue of surprise.

## CHAPTER III.

*Baptista.* Poor girl ! she weeps ;—  
Go ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.—  
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee ?  
When did she cress thee with a bitter word ?

*Taming of the Shrew.*

CATHERINE was naturally mild and forbearing ; and this disposition was strengthened by the conviction, that in cultivating such a frame of mind, she was not only performing her duty but promoting her happiness. Her good temper had frequently been proof against the petulance and selfishness of Ellinor ; but there was something so rude in the action which she had just committed, that Catherine felt a degree of displeasure very unusual to her. As soon

as her astonishment would permit her to move, she slowly proceeded to her chamber to make the necessary alterations in her dress, which she completed just as she received a summons to dinner. Conscious that she had not voluntarily offended Ellinor, and wounded by her unfeminine violence, Catherine did not, as was her wont, endeavour to soothe the irritable temper of her cousin, but confined her conversation to Sir Thomas and Lady Lennox, while Mrs Lennox and Ellinor sat in sullen silence.

On leaving the table, Lady Lennox, who was fatigued with the exertions of the morning, retired to her apartment to rest for an hour or two. Mrs Lennox having secured the first volume of a new novel, followed her example. The gentlemen adjourned to the library to peruse the newspapers, while Catherine, slowly followed by Ellinor, seated herself in the drawing-room.

The heart of Ellinor was filled with envy, which was increased by a secret consciousness that the estrangement of Willoughby

was her own work. She felt that she had lost him, and the conviction that the superior virtues of Catherine were seen and appreciated by him, was gall and wormwood to her proud spirit; for although, in her secret soul, she admitted that Catherine had not intentionally supplanted her in his affections, such is the injustice of passion, this consideration did not prevent her from overwhelming Catherine with a torrent of reproaches.

“ So, madam,” she began, “ you have at last succeeded in your attempts !—Yes, congratulate yourself on your triumph; but take care that it is not as short-lived as it is base.”

“ My triumph, Ellinor ! what do you mean by these insinuations ?”

“ Sweet innocent ! so you really flatter yourself that I am blind to your endeavours ? Will you dare to deny that Willoughby’s regard was mine, till by your arts you contrived to draw him from me ?”

“ Ellinor, you cannot—*dare* not believe

these assertions. If Willoughby is estranged from you, it is you alone who have effected the change. Did I not warn you to beware how you exposed your temper and disposition to his observation?"

"Oh, yes! without doubt, I would have found him a miracle of constancy, if, like *some* people, I could have played the hypocrite, and spent my time in making pin-cushions for lazy beggars; but, thank Heaven, I am above these mean arts. What I am, I show myself. *I* cannot pretend to have friendship and affection for one whose happiness I am secretly undermining."

"Ellinor," replied Catherine, with much emotion, "it is your own fault alone that you are not now the choice of a most estimable man; but your unhappy temper, spurning all control, has been but too openly displayed. I see that you have lost your power over Willoughby; but I pity you the less, because I perceive that it is your vanity, not your affection, which is wounded."

"Oh, certainly; it can be my vanity

only which is touched, therefore it is no matter if my amiable cousin lays her snares for him who was my captive."

"Ellinor," replied Catherine, "I disdain to justify myself from accusations which every action of my life disproves.—You well know," continued she, in much agitation, "how often I have pitied and pardoned your petulance and injustice; but let me now tell you, that there are bounds beyond which you cannot pass, without breaking those ties of friendship and love which have so long united us."

On saying these words, Catherine rose and left the room.

Deeply agitated by the scene which had just passed, Catherine shut herself up in her apartment; and, although shrinking from the task, courageously began to investigate the feelings of her heart, where, to her dismay, she found that Willoughby reigned triumphant. Gay without frivolity, lively without ever losing that dignity which sat so well on his graceful form, ac-

complished and agreable as Catherine allowed him to be, it was not these attractions which had touched her heart ; but it was his integrity of mind, his firm principles, his mildness of disposition, and consideration for the feelings of others, which had secured her warmest approbation.

Had she then voluntarily supplanted her cousin ? No. Here her conscience acquitted her. She had made no efforts to excite his admiration ; she had used no arts to gain his love. Here, then, she could rest satisfied ; but her uncertainty with regard to the real sentiments of her cousin gave her the deepest uneasiness. She had believed that wounded vanity alone had occasioned Ellinor's violent reproaches ; but if it were otherwise, if she really loved Willoughby, Catherine felt that she could never build her happiness on the ruin of Ellinor's hopes. Her generous heart suggested to her, that a union with one of Willoughby's principles would in all probability improve the character of her volatile cousin, and



soften those blemishes in her temper and disposition which Catherine had laboured, but in vain, to remove. Then, again, came the reflection, ought she to wish Ellinor to be the wife of Willoughby? Could she appreciate properly his noble mind? Would she make him happy? These were questions which Catherine could not resolve to her own satisfaction; and the result of her long and deep reflection was, a resolution to avoid Willoughby as much as possible, and, when they did meet, to treat him with such careless ease as would effectually hide the real feelings of her mind, and above all to leave her cousin free to win that heart, the possession of which Catherine felt with anguish was but too necessary to her future happiness.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Ros.* I can sigh so deeply, look so sad,  
Pule out a piteous tale on bended knee ;  
Groan like a ghost ; so very wretched be,  
As would delight a tender lady's heart  
But to behold.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

CATHERINE, although the mildest of human beings, was too much offended with Ellinor to be on friendly terms with her ; and had Mrs Lennox also been alienated from Catherine, her situation would have been extremely unpleasant ; but as Mrs Lennox only quarrelled when it suited herself, she took no part in the present dispute ; and was, therefore, at liberty to converse with Catherine, whom Ellinor, since

their late disagreement, had scarcely deigned to notice.

“Do you know, Catherine,” said Mrs Lennox, a few days after—“do you know there is one of the handsomest men at the baths just now I ever beheld? Ellinor and I have done nothing but watch him ever since his arrival. He often walks on the terrace, and this is just about the hour he generally makes his appearance. I am sure you will admire him. He seems to be in very delicate health; he looks sentimental too; he must be a man of consequence, or his appearance belies him—I am dying with curiosity to know who he is.”

“Has he been long here?”

“No, only a few days; he came soon after you left us. I wish we could manage to get acquainted with him; but,” she continued, approaching the window, “I will look if he is out yet. Oh, here he is; make haste, Catherine. He walks remarkably well; quite the air of a gentleman. But

why don't you come?" she exclaimed, on observing that Catherine still kept her seat.

"Because I don't like to stare at strangers; he may see us."

"Oh, nonsense; you have always so much prudery. But you may look at him with safety just now, for he has his back towards us. Come quickly, before he turns."

Catherine, not to appear disobliging, rose and approached the window. "He is indeed a very elegant-looking young man; but had we not better come back,—he will think us so rude?"

"You shan't move," said Mrs Lennox, seizing hold of her arm, "till you have seen his face; he has the finest eyes in the world."

Catherine could vouch for that, for just at this moment he happened to turn round, and as he glanced up at the window, she had an excellent view of his countenance. "I am really quite ashamed," she exclaimed, stepping back, on finding the eyes of

the stranger fixed on her; "I am sure he sees we are watching him. I hope he won't recognise me again."

"Some people are vastly modest," said Ellinor, with a sneer, as she seated herself at the window Catherine had quitted; "but this is not the first time the stranger has looked up; so some people need not have the vanity to suppose that they are the attraction."

Catherine did not deign to notice this speech, but returned to her seat and her work, and soon after the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Spencer.

"How do you do, Miss Dundas?" he exclaimed. "I am rejoiced to find you have come home again; I was afraid your friends at Duddingstone were going to keep you altogether. By the by, Willoughby has returned, enchanted with his visit. He says the hours flew like minutes, and that he never was so happy in his life. I believe he and Captain Sefton are old friends?"

"I believe so," said Catherine, colour-

ing, while Ellinor put up her lip ; “ he is a very agreeable, well-informed man.”

“ Which ?” said Spencer, archly.

“ Oh, I mean Captain Sefton,” she replied, with increasing confusion.

“ So I am told,” said Spencer ; “ and Willoughby speaks in raptures of his wife. He has promised to introduce me ; so I may perhaps have the pleasure of meeting you there. Do you think of returning soon ?”

“ I have no such intention at present,” she replied.

“ I wish, Captain Spencer,” said Mrs Lennox, “ that you would oblige us by finding out the name of a gentleman who is living at the Baths, and who regularly walks every day for an hour or two upon the Terrace. He is strikingly handsome, and has made both Ellinor and I very idle, for we cannot help looking at him. He was walking there a few minutes before you came in. I really wish you would make some inquiries about him.”

Spencer, alarmed at this intelligence, said gravely, "That it was a pity the stranger should remain in ignorance of the warm interest he had created ; but that, not being in the least acquainted with him, he was sorry that it would not be in his power to gratify their curiosity."

"I am sure," said Mrs Lennox, "you can easily ask the people at the Baths who he is. I had nearly done so myself, but Lennox made such a ridiculous fuss about its impropriety.—Oh, you are going, are you?" continued she, seeing Spencer preparing to take leave: "And be sure to ascertain how long he means to stay there."

"I must beg leave, madam, to decline your commission," replied Spencer; and bowing haughtily, he hastily left the room.

"As I live," exclaimed Ellinor, "there is papa and the stranger walking together! How on earth have they got acquainted? I wish he would make haste and come in, that we may hear all about it. Only look how intimate they seem!—Papa is coming now.

continued she ; “ they have made their bows and parted.”

And as soon as Sir Thomas entered, he was assailed with innumerable interrogations, as to the birth, parentage, and education of the elegant unknown.

“ What is his name ?” said Ellinor ; “ and how did you get acquainted with him ?”

“ I am sure he is not Scotch,” said Mrs Lennox. “ Sir Thomas, is not he an Englishman ?”

“ One question at a time,” said the Baronet, with a good-humoured smile.

“ Well, but, papa, what is his name ? and who is he ?”

“ He is Sir Pelham Talmash, and an Englishman—now, will that satisfy you ?”

“ Sir Pelham Talmash !” exclaimed Ellinor ; “ what a beautiful name !”

“ I was sure, from his elegance, he was not a Scotsman,” said Mrs Lennox.

“ But you have not told us,” added Ellinor, “ how you knew him, and what has brought him here ?”



“ I don’t think I have had much time for that,” said Sir Thomas, laughing ; “ but if you can be silent so long, I shall tell you all about him.”

“ We won’t speak one word,” said Ellinor.

“ Well then,” continued Sir Thomas, “ I find that this Sir Pelham Talmash is the nephew of my old friend Lord Granton—”

“ Oh then,” interrupted Mrs Lennox, “ of course you will ask him here ?”

“ What has brought him to Scotland ?” asked Ellinor.

“ Something very extraordinary, I dare say ?” rejoined Mrs Lennox.

“ If you will only have a little patience,” said the Baronet, “ you shall hear. Lord Granton writes me, that his young friend was very much attached to an English lady——”

“ He showed his good sense there,” again interrupted Mrs Lennox.

“ And that when everything was prepared for their marriage, the lady was seized with a fever, and died, which had such an

effect on the health and spirits of Sir Pelham, that, on his throwing up his commission in the —— regiment of Dragoons, his friends, seriously alarmed, persuaded him to try what change of scene would do. 'This is the cause of his being here ;—and as to your other inquiry, of how we became acquainted : In pulling out my handkerchief, a letter came along with it, and dropped on the ground ; and as Sir Pelham very politely stooped to pick it up, he saw the address, and immediately introduced himself, adding, that he had a letter for me from his uncle Lord Granton ; but that, not knowing I was in Portobello, (which, I must say, is a little extraordinary,) he of course had not delivered it. He is to call here to-morrow.'

“ Indeed !” said Ellinor, as she retreated to her apartment ; “ then I must see Campbell immediately.” And a loud peal brought up the obsequious waiting-maid, who received strict orders to have a favourite French pelisse ready by an early hour on the following morning. “ And, Cambell, you may

put pale blue ribbons on the collar and sleeves.—“Yes,” she muttered to herself, “blue is certainly my becoming colour.”

Had Sir Pelham Talmash but known the mighty preparations which his intended visit occasioned, his vanity, if he had any, would have sustained a considerable increase. Mrs Lennox and Ellinor scarcely allowed themselves time to swallow their breakfasts next morning, such was their haste to return to their mirrors; and, adorned for conquest, the latter soon descended to the drawing-room. Having lowered the blinds and uncovered the harp, and, as it had been decided that Sir Pelham was a sentimentalist, placed Moore upon the music-stand, she had just finished these operations when Mrs Lennox and Sir Thomas entered.

“What,” exclaimed the Baronet, “is the meaning of all this darkness?” approaching the window to pull up the blind; “the room is like a dungeon.”

“ O, papa,” said Ellinor, “ don’t pull up the blinds ; I have this moment put them down ; I wonder how you are so partial to a blaze of light ; besides, ’tis very unfashionable, as well as disagreeable.”

“ And it is so trying,” said Mrs Lennox ; “ no skin can stand such an odious glare.”

“ Skin !” exclaimed Sir Thomas, in great surprise—“ but as I prefer letting my skin take its chance, to breaking my neck over those footstools and ottomans, I shall take the liberty of throwing a little light upon the subject.” So saying, much to the discomfort of both ladies, up the blind went, which, the moment he quitted the room, Ellinor took the liberty of pulling down again. As the hour approached that Sir Pelham was expected to appear, the two ladies paid another visit to their mirrors, to see if they were “ in face” that day ; and they had just returned from this visit, which was certainly anything but a flying one, when Charles entered.

“ Upon my honour, ladies,” he exclaimed,

glancing at their dress, "you seem adorned for conquest. Poor Sir Pelham little knows the traps that are set for him ; but if he is a man of the smallest taste, he will prefer Catherine's plain morning dress to all these blue and scarlet trappings. You are both far too much adorned, to please a man of sentiment. Ellinor," he continued, "if you wish that Sir Pelham should admire you, you must look less determined to captivate him."

"Me determined to captivate him !" said Ellinor in a rage at being found out ; and still more so, that he thought there was a probability of Catherine's rivalling her : "I don't care three straws for the man."

"What then are all these streamers for," said Charles, highly amused by her rage, "if you have no design on this Baronet?"

"I suppose people may wear blue ribbons without having these motives assigned for it. 'Tis no such uncommon occurrence, I think. But I wonder I mind you."

"I wonder, that too," said Charles laugh-

ing. "And why," he said, addressing Catherine, who was sitting on the sofa, netting. "are you not giving yourself a chance?—you don't know what may happen."

"I leave everything to fate," said Catherine gaily; "but I won't see the Baronet to-day, for I have promised to go out with Clara, and I am just going to put on my bonnet. I must, therefore, trust to you for a description of this all-conquering gentleman."

Mrs Lennox and Ellinor, delighted at the thoughts of having Sir Pelham all to themselves, did not oppose Catherine's determination; and Charles, finding that he could not laugh her out of her promise to Clara, said he would go with them.

"Me ready now, aunt Catherine!" exclaimed Clara, running into the room—"Why is your bonnet not on? mine is on."

"I shall soon put my bonnet on," said Catherine, as she quitted the room for that purpose; "be a good child till I come back."

The trio had not been long gone, when a tremendous peal announced Sir Pelham.

“ I hear him coming up stairs,” said Ellinor to Mrs Lennox ; “ are my curls out ? ”

“ Not at all ; but how are mine ? ”

“ Quite nice—hush ! here he is.”

“ Sir Pelham Talmash ! ” exclaimed William, opening the door to its full width.

Her ladyship, who happened to be in the room, received him with great politeness ; and, after having introduced him to Mrs Lennox and Ellinor, she pulled the bell, and desired that Sir Thomas should be told that Sir Pelham Talmash was in the drawing-room.

The Baronet soon obeyed this summons ; and, after having a second time introduced Sir Pelham to the ladies, the conversation became general.

If the Lennoxes were struck with Sir Pelham, they had no cause to be dissatisfied with the impression they had made on him. He could not but discover that their manners were of the first class. Mrs Len-

nox was evidently a woman of fashion ; El-tinor he thought beautiful ; but though he allowed that her features were faultless, she failed to interest him ; and as he again took another look at her, he could not but wonder why he did not admire her more.

Having made a most unfashionable visit, he withdrew. Sir Thomas, who was quite of the old school, insisted on seeing him to the door ; and as William opened it to let him out, Catherine and Charles entered—the former looking more lovely than ever from the brilliant complexion which her walk had occasioned. Sir Pelham, thinking they were visitors to the family, politely stepped aside to allow them to pass ; but the moment Sir Thomas saw them, turning to the Baronet, he said, “ Allow me to introduce you to my niece, Miss Dundas, and to Mr Lennox, my son.”

Catherine curtsied, and Sir Pelham bowed, and so they parted.

“ I am surprised, Charles,” said Sir Tho-



mas, "that you thought of going out when you knew that Sir Pelham Talmash was to call to-day. I dare say he will think it very strange."

"I dare say he will think nothing about the matter," said Charles, as he followed Catherine up stairs, "the day was too tempting to remain within for him."

"Well, ladies," said Charles, when they next assembled, "what is your opinion of the said Baronet? Is he as agreeable as you expected?"

"Quite so," said Ellinor.

"I dare say he stayed an hour," resumed Mrs Lennox.

"If he stayed an hour to-day," said Charles, glancing towards Catherine, "he will stay two next time he calls. He gave Catherine a pretty stare; I don't believe he heard my name, he was so busy examining her. I thought there was to be no end to his bows, when my father introduced her. He seemed very much inclined to return up

stairs again, but I was too much mortified by his neglect of me to ask him."

"How can you talk such nonsense, Charles?" said Catherine.

"Yes, I have no doubt 'tis all nonsense," said Ellinor in a huff; "but I know him too well to believe what he says."

"Believe me or not," said Charles, with mock gravity; "but if Sir Pelham Talmash is not over head and ears in love with our fair cousin, Catherine, I never was more mistaken in my life."

"I don't think that very likely," said Mrs Lennox, "when he is dying of grief for the loss of his English bride."

"That is just the reason," replied her husband, "that will make him more apt to fall in love; 'tis the likeliest time to make an impression, and I dare say he will soon begin to think that to love a living Scotchwoman, is better than to mourn for a defunct English one."

"Aunt Catherine," said Clara, who was standing by her side, "what man was that

that looked so in your face, when you and I came in ?”

“ Did not I tell you so ?” exclaimed Charles, laughing ; “ it must have been evident indeed, when such a child as Clara observed it.”

Ellinor was too much mortified to reply ; and Catherine, to put a stop to the conversation, quitted the room, taking Clara along with her.

## CHAPTER V.

Let never man a-wooing wend  
That lacketh thingis thrie ;  
A routh o' gold, an open heart,  
And fu' o' courtesy.

*King Henrie.*

“ WHERE have you been, Charles ?” said Ellinor, next forenoon. “ My father and I have just come from returning Sir Pelham’s visit.”

“ Was he at home ?”

“ Yes, and we found him very pleasant. He is to sup here this evening *en famille*.”

“ This evening !—How could you think of such a thing ?—We have no time to make up a party.”

“ There is no occasion. I dare say he is tired of parties ; but we met Ashley on the sands, who has promised to join us.”

“ Oh, well, he is better than nobody,” replied Mrs Lennox.

“ Are you disposed for a walk ?” asked Charles.

The ladies declined, and Charles soon after left them.

“ What has become of Miss Catherine all this morning ?” said Mrs Lennox.

“ I suppose she is poking her eyes out for these everlasting beggars. She passed me on the stair just now, with a bundle of rags in her hand. She has grown very disagreeable and disobliging. She has never been the same since she came from Duddingstone. I think these odious Seftons have quite ruined her.”

“ I don’t think she has forgiven you for saying she went there to meet Willoughby.”

“ A great affair, indeed, to make such a fuss about ! If it had not been true, I dare say she would have thought nothing about the matter ; but I am sorry she has taken this time for her pouts, for Campbell dresses

my hair most abominably, and I suppose Miss Catherine will not deign to assist me. I must just have recourse to Jenkinson ; and if you will dress before dinner, this may easily be managed."

" I don't intend to dress before dinner, but if I can spare her a few minutes in the evening, you may have her."

The evening arrived, and with it came Sir Pelham, whose elegant manners and agreeable conversation strengthened the favourable impression the Lennox family had already received of the handsome stranger. A man in his situation is always interesting ; but when to this claim on the sympathy of the ladies was added a graceful person, a title, and a large fortune, none but a heart of stone could refuse him pity ! Throughout the evening, Sir Pelham conducted himself with a due regard to his melancholy state ; sighed often ; and if he did occasionally commit a smile, it was so thoroughly pensive as to exonerate him from

the suspicion that there was any material abatement of his grief.

It would appear, however, that Ellinor thought there was a possibility of consoling him, and she acted accordingly,—sung, played, conversed ; and, in short, exerted herself so much as almost to overwhelm her new friend, who listened to her, but looked at Catherine. The evening was spent in the usual manner ; and Sir Pelham, charmed with his visit, at length withdrew, but not before asking and receiving permission to return next morning, and bring his flute—his soother, he called it—with him.

When Sir Pelham, the succeeding morning, joined his new friends in Hope Street, he found Ellinor seated at the harp, and Catherine engaged in teaching Clara her letters.

“ I fear I interrupt you,” said he. “ You see what it is to have an idler in your neighbourhood.”

“ But we shall not allow you to be idle,”

replied Ellinor, graciously. “ I see you have brought your flute ; it is a charming accompaniment. Pray amuse yourself a little while I tune the harp, and then we shall have some music.”

The mode in which Sir Pelham chose to amuse himself, however, was not much to the taste of Ellinor, whose brow darkened as she saw him seated beside Catherine, and conversing with her in a low voice. Catherine, meanwhile, far from suspecting the admiration with which she had inspired Sir Pelham, fancied every sigh he breathed was a tribute to the memory of his lost idol, and spared no effort to cheer and amuse him.

“ I have brought,” said Sir Pelham to Catherine, “ a book for your perusal, which perhaps you have not seen. I have it all by heart.”

“ Allow me to look at it. Oh ! the ‘ Pleasures of Memory.’ There are few, I imagine, who have not read this charming work, and I am not one of these few. With



your permission, however, I shall retain it for reperusal. But," continued she, by way of changing the subject, "how does your music go on?—Have you been practising lately?"

"A little," he replied, speaking with more cheerfulness.

"Well, then, do let us hear what progress you have made. I see Miss Lennox is waiting for you."

Thus admonished, the Baronet rose, took his ebony flute out of its splendid case, and joined Ellinor. "Who is your favourite composer, Miss Dundas?" he asked.

"Oh, Mozart," replied Catherine.

"If I am to have the honour of accompanying you," said Sir Pelham to Ellinor, "you must give me music, for I have not brought any with me."

"Certainly," said Ellinor; "here is the flute part to one of Rossini's charming airs; he is my favourite at present."

"Have you any of Mozart's operas? Miss

Dundas prefers him, and I confess I quite agree with her."

Ellinor bit her lips. "Yes," she replied carelessly, "I have several of his operas; and as I am perfectly indifferent on the subject, you may make your own choice."

"You are very kind," answered Sir Pelham, turning over the leaves of the music-book. "Suppose, then, we begin with *Ah Taci Ingrato Cor?*"

"If you please."

The flute was tuned, and the air was beautifully executed by both performers.

"Indeed, Sir Pelham," said Ellinor, "you bring out most charming tones from your flute. I see we shall find you a very important auxiliary."

"You flatter me," answered Sir Pelham. "I am glad to find you can tolerate me. I feared that I would not be able to keep pace with your brilliant finger, as it is very long since I touched the instrument."

Here followed a deep sigh.

“ I will not patronise such shameful idleness,” replied Ellinor ; “ so pray take up your flute again, and turn over to *Dalla Sua Pace*.”

Sir Pelham obeyed, and this and several other charming airs were given with taste and feeling.

The party was still in a very harmonious humour, when Clara burst into the room, and running up to Catherine, cried out, “ Me ready now !—Aunt Catherine, come away and get your bonnet.”

“ I am not going out just now,” replied Catherine ; “ it is too early.”

“ But Jenkinson says it is very late, and we have got my little dinner ; so come away.”

“ Do indulge your little friend,” said Sir Pelham. “ I assure you the weather is delightful. Will you allow me to have the honour of joining your party ? I think we will all be the better of a walk.”

“ I should be happy to have the pleasure

of your company ; but I do not mean to go out this forenoon. Go, my love," said she to Clara, " and tell Jenkinson to give you a walk."

" Me not like to walk with Jenkinson," said Clara, pouting, and seating herself on a footstool close to Catherine.

" It is a pity poor Clara should lose her walk," said Ellinor. " Will you go with me, my love ?"

At this unexpected kindness, Clara opened her large blue eyes, and looked up in Ellinor's face with an air of the utmost surprise.

" You are very obliging," replied Catherine. " I am sure Clara will be happy to go with you."

Clara said nothing, and as silence is supposed to give consent, Ellinor, in high good-humour at the prospect of a tête-à-tête walk with Sir Pelham, went off to equip for the ramble ; and Catherine, never doubting Sir Pelham's intention to accompany her cou-

sin, congratulated herself on having secured the enjoyment of a few quiet hours.

During Ellinor's absence, Catherine, at Sir Pelham's request, seated herself at the harp, and they were in the middle of *Il Mio Tesoro*, when Ellinor returned, armed for conquest. The performers stopped, and Catherine rose from her chair, and put up the pedals of the harp, which was as much as to say, the concert was at an end ; but she soon found that "the best laid schemes of mice and men" are sometimes overturned ; for Sir Pelham, saying to Ellinor, "Permit me to see you down stairs," politely opened the door for her and Clara, and saw them safely out, then returned coolly up stairs to Catherine, to beg she would repeat a certain passage, in the time of which he thought he was not quite correct. Glad to see that his dejection was wearing off, Catherine good-naturedly exerted herself to amuse him, and sung and played with the most laudable perseverance, till the entrance of visitors put

an end to the concert, and Sir Pelham, finding her attention occupied by the new arrivals, soon after withdrew.

## CHAPTER VI.

To sit and watch the beaming eye,  
That never turns to thee ;  
To mark the smile, to note the sigh,  
*Another* wins, and that one nigh,—  
Ah ! this is misery !

To mark the maiden glance of love  
Shoot from a lustrous eye  
Upon *another*, when above  
Aught, even in Heaven, you prize her love,—  
What is it then to die ?

PERCY YORKE—*The Bequest.*

AT this period of our chronicle, unhappily for Willoughby, he was forced unexpectedly to absent himself some time on regimental business ; but his impatience to see Catherine carried him to Hope Street on the very day of his return, and his con-

sternation may be imagined on finding her seated at the harp, and Sir Pelham Talmash leaning over her chair, regarding her with looks of passionate admiration ; while Ellinor sat at a distance from them, apparently engaged in reading. When Willoughby entered, the consciousness that Ellinor was watching every look, threw Catherine into the deepest confusion ; but this, and her crimsoned cheek, the jealousy of Willoughby attributed to a very different cause. Mastering his feelings by a violent effort, however, he affected a composure very foreign to the real state of his mind, and entered into conversation with Ellinor, while Catherine, dreading the reproaches of her cousin, never once raised her eyes ; and wholly unconscious of the agony she had inflicted, soon after received his adieus, her own embarrassment preventing her from perceiving the grief and confusion which he found it impossible entirely to conceal.

Although Ellinor feared that the game was going against her, she determined not



to yield it without a struggle, and as Mrs Lennox from dislike to Catherine was quite ready to assist her, they vigorously commenced operations. If they caught a glimpse of Sir Pelham sauntering on the little grass plat near the Baths, that moment their bonnets were put on, and they went to walk on the sands, hoping he would join them. This he sometimes did, but more frequently he would converse with them a few minutes *en passant*, and then resume his stroll on the grass, or terrace, and the ladies would proceed on their walk, burning with indignation against Catherine, who engrossed the whole attention of Sir Pelham, without her ever having made the smallest effort to attract his regard.

“ I wish to Heaven,” said Ellinor, “ I had never spoken to her about Willoughby, for ever since I unfortunately said she went to Duddingstone to meet him, she will scarcely go near the Seftons, and I must say she is very much in the way here. Do you think there is any chance of get-

ting her to spend Friday with the Seftons ? You know Sir Pelham and Willoughby are to dine here."

"Not the least chance of it, my dear," replied Mrs Lennox ; "she knows her own interest too well for that ; much more likely put it into Sir Thomas's head to invite them, that she might play them off against each other, on purpose to hasten Sir Pelham's declaration."

"I declare," replied Ellinor, "if I were not afraid of being found out, I would get a note conveyed to her just before dinner on Friday, saying, Mrs Sefton was suddenly taken ill, and without doubt she would think herself obliged to fly to her dear friend."

On the return of these amiable sisters to the drawing-room, they found Lady Lennox, Catherine, and Charles, sitting very comfortably together.

"I think, my love," said Lady Lennox to Catherine, "your friends the Seftons would be a very agreeable addition to our

party on Friday ; suppose you go over and ask them ?”

“ I am sure they will be delighted to come,” replied Catherine.

“ Then,” said her ladyship, “ you had better take the carriage, as the day is warm.”

“ I would prefer walking,” answered Catherine.

“ I will go with you, then,” said Charles ; “ it is so early, we shall be able to return in time for dinner.”

“ Good folks,” said Ellinor, with a sneer, “ you seem all to have taken a mighty fancy for these Seftons. I’m sure I see nothing in them worth making such a fuss about.”

“ What is that you say ?” asked Charles ; “ not like Mrs Sefton ?—I think she is the most delightful creature I ever knew ; faith, Sefton is a happy fellow.”

“ Really,” said Mrs Lennox, “ these Seftons seem to have turned all your heads. One hears of nothing but Seftons, Seftons,

from morning till night ; I am sick of the subject."

" I like good-humoured people," replied Charles, " and I have never found her otherwise ; and Sefton looks so happy, I am sure she makes an excellent wife."

" You are sure!" retorted Mrs Lennox ; " I fancy she is much like other wives."

" Perhaps so," replied her husband ; " we men are often deceived.—But, Ellinor," continued he, affecting to read the newspapers. " here is a recipe which I rather think you are in want of, it begins with, ' Advice to Ladies.' "

" I suppose," replied Ellinor, " it is Rowland's Kalydor, or Macassar Oil ; one is bored with them in every paper."

" You are quite wrong, it is something much more valuable ; but listen, ' Catch a baronet, butter him well, then noose him, after which he may be basted at leisure.' "

" You are very impertinent, sir," retorted Ellinor ; " but whether I catch baronets or not, is no business of yours."

“ I fear,” replied Charles, “ it will be no business of yours either.” Then drawing Catherine’s arm within his, he hastened to escape from the rising storm.

The Seftons were delighted to see Catherine, and accepted readily Lady Lennox’s invitation to meet Sir Pelham Talmash.

“ Pray, my dear,” asked Mrs Sefton, “ is this new friend of yours married or single ?”

“ Single,” replied Catherine, smiling ; “ but by what right do you put these questions ?”

“ By the right of our sex,—the right of curiosity.”

“ Have you seen Willoughby lately ?” asked Sefton.

“ Yes—no—I mean not very lately ; that is, I have not seen him for several days.”

“ I am glad to find,” replied Sefton, smiling, “ that you do not consider that lately. I wish, Ellen, you would persuade Miss Dundas and Mr Lennox to spend the day with us, and I will ride over to the bar-

racks, and bring Willoughby back with me."

"Oh!" replied Catherine, "I cannot possibly stay to-day, it is quite out of the question, we are expected at home."

"I know of nothing to prevent your remaining, if you wish it," answered Charles; "and as to being expected at home, I shall ride round that way with Sefton, and tell them not to wait for us."

"There is a good creature," said Mrs Sefton. "Now, Catherine, you can have no possible objection to remaining with us."

"Indeed—you must excuse me—I really cannot stay."

"Upon my word," replied Mrs Sefton. "I begin to suspect you have some appointment at home. Pray, Mr Lennox, what are Sir Pelham's habits?—is he often in Hope Street?"

"Pretty much; and, now that you speak of it, I dare say there is some appointment, for I do think she received my offer of escorting her here very coolly."

“ Charles, how can you talk such downright nonsense ? Ellen, don’t believe him.”

“ That will depend on yourself—if you remain, I shall consider your cousin’s insinuations mere badinage ; but if you go—Catherine—if you go——”

“ Well, Ellen, I fancy I must submit quietly to my fate.”

“ ’Tis by far the best way ; and when we get rid of these two wretches, we shall have such a delightful gossip.”

“ When shall I order the carriage ?” asked Charles.

“ There are no carriages to be ordered here,” said Mrs Sefton ; “ I shall not part with Catherine to-night ; be thankful if you get her back to-morrow. Now, off with you both, and don’t let us see you for two hours at soonest.—Now that these plagues are gone,” continued Mrs Sefton, “ sit down there, and tell me what you have been about this age.”

“ Oh, nothing very remarkable.”

“ I dare say not ; But pray who is this Sir Pelham Talmash ? I am dying to know all about him.”

“ Indeed you know almost as much about him as I do. He is here for change of scene, as his health and spirits are greatly injured in consequence of the death of a lady with whom he was on the point of marriage. He brought a letter of introduction from Lord Granton to Sir Thomas. It seems he was formerly in Captain Spencer’s regiment, but left it on half-pay at the time of his projected marriage.”

“ Ah, then, Willoughby knows him ?”

“ No ; I rather think he joined the regiment after Sir Pelham left it ;—but Spencer is very well acquainted with him.”

“ Is the love-lorn swain handsome ?”

“ He has black hair, black eyes, a black face ; and I was going to say black teeth ; but no—they are as white as snow, or perhaps it is his dingy complexion which makes them appear to so much advantage.”

“ Has this Othello any fortune ?”



“ A large one, I believe : But do let us go to the garden, I am anxious to see if the rustic seat is in good preservation.”

“ Indeed !” replied Mrs Sefton, with an expressive glance. “ I am truly glad to find you continue to recollect there is such a thing in existence.”

Catherine had just returned with Mrs Sefton from visiting her favourite lime-walk, when the three gentlemen rode up the avenue and joined them. As Catherine and Willoughby were no longer on the same terms they had been during their last visit to the Seftons, they both felt a good deal embarrassed, but this gradually wore off ; and by the time they were seated at table, they were considerably less solemn and taciturn than before.

“ Have you, Willoughby, seen this handsome Sir Pelham Talmash, that the ladies are all raving about ?” asked Sefton.

A laconic affirmative was the reply.

“ And do you think him so very captivating ?”

“ You had better ask that question of the ladies,” replied Willoughby, looking earnestly at Catherine. “ What do you say then, Miss Dundas—is the gentleman quite irresistible ?”

“ By no means.”

“ Take care what you say, Catherine,” said Mrs Sefton, who thought a little touch of jealousy might accelerate Willoughby’s movements ; “ this does not tally very well with the account you gave me of him this morning.”

“ Indeed I don’t recollect expressing a higher opinion of him then than I do now,” replied Catherine, in confusion ; and Mrs Sefton, thinking Willoughby had heard enough to make him exert himself, turned the conversation into another channel, and soon after adjourned with Catherine to the drawing-room.

“ I am very angry with you, Ellen,” exclaimed Catherine ; ‘ what could possess you to torment me so about that odious Sir Pelham ? I beg——”

“Hush, my dear,” replied her lively friend, “you are infinitely indebted to me. I never saw you look so beautiful; you certainly have the knack of blushing in a most becoming manner.”

“But, Ellen, to be serious——”

“But I am not at all disposed to be serious——”

And Catherine, finding it useless to remonstrate, allowed the subject to drop.

When the gentlemen joined the ladies, Willoughby passed the vacant chair beside Catherine, and sitting down by Mrs Sefton, continued to converse with her till Sefton insisted on having some music. Mrs Sefton, accordingly, requested Catherine to assist her in tuning the harp, and desired Willoughby to carry her the harp-key and box of strings, which bringing them together, necessarily produced a little conversation, and Willoughby's gloom gradually disappeared.

As Charles was about to take leave, he

turned to Catherine, and asked at what hour next morning he should send the carriage ; and on her replying that she would walk home, he said, “ If you will fix an hour for leaving this, I will come and meet you.” But before she had time to reply, Mrs Sefton exclaimed, “ Don’t you see she does not want you to meet her ? You really have no tact. Depend upon it she has already made her own arrangement, and will be at no loss for a companion. Pray recollect that cousins are sometimes very much in the way.”

“ Don’t mind what she says,” said Catherine, “ I shall leave this at one o’clock, and will depend on your meeting me.”

“ After the hint I have got,” replied Charles, “ the thing is impossible—good night.”

When Mrs Sefton saw the sudden change of Willoughby’s countenance, she began to fear she had carried matters too far ; and she resolved to recompense him for the pain he now suffered, by procuring him a tête-a-tête with Catherine, which, indeed, was her

motive for preventing Charles from meeting her. In pursuance of this plan, on their setting off next morning, to walk part of the way with Catherine, she placed her under Willoughby's care ; and taking the arm of her husband, sallied forth ; nor, though dying with curiosity, did she dare to cast " one lingering look behind."

On finding, however, that Catherine kept close to her, she resolved to change her plan. and had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile when she declared herself fatigued, saying she must return home.

" Major Willoughby," said she, " I place Miss Dundas under your care ; so, like a true knight, you must see her in safety to her abode."

" Indeed," replied Catherine, who, unwilling to provoke Ellinor's reproaches, was reluctant to return to Hope Street accompanied by Willoughby, " there is no occasion to give Major Willoughby so much trouble, as I am sure I shall meet Charles directly."

“ ’Tis needless to say any more about the matter,” replied Mrs Sefton, “ for I will not consent to your walking alone.”

“ I am sorry,” said Willoughby, gravely, “ to find Miss Dundas so unwilling to accept of my services ;” and Catherine, perceiving that her refusal would seem very strange to all parties, was forced to yield the point.

Willoughby, having observed her reluctance to allow him to accompany her, was too much grieved by this proof of her indifference to be able to converse on commonplace subjects ; and little was said on either side. Feeling all the awkwardness of his embarrassed silence, Catherine was, therefore, relieved on seeing a gentleman walking up the road.

“ Oh, here is Mr Lennox,” said she, turning to Willoughby, “ and I can release you from your duty ; ’tis a pity to take you farther out of your way—I wish you good morning.”

But Willoughby, by no means satisfied with this summary mode of proceeding, replied that he was going at any rate to the village, and would walk with her, if she did not absolutely forbid him; and a turn of the road soon brought them close to the pedestrian, who proved to be, not Mr Lennox, but Sir Pelham Talmash. On this confirmation of his worst suspicions, Willoughby, half unconsciously, allowed Catherine's arm to drop, while she, shocked that he should believe she meant to deceive him, with difficulty replied to the salutation of Sir Pelham, who, having heard from Lady Lennox that Catherine was to walk over from Duddingstone, had loitered on the road in hopes of meeting her. Catherine's situation was certainly far from enviable. When she spoke to Sir Pelham, Willoughby watched every word and accent. When she addressed Willoughby, the Baronet seemed in agony. She tried to get the gentlemen to converse with each other, but in

vain; and when at length, to her great joy, they reached Hope Street, she was excessively annoyed to find Ellinor and Mrs Lennox standing at the window.

“Good Heavens!” exclaimed Ellinor, “if there is not Catherine coming down the street with Sir Pelham on one side of her and Willoughby on the other! this accounts for her forbidding Charles to go to meet her. Only look what a flirtation is here!”

“I think,” said Mrs Lennox, raising her glass, and staring at the party—“I think Sir Thomas ought to be told of the behaviour of his favourite. I shall feel it my duty to tell Charles what I have seen.”

“You may save yourself the trouble; he would not believe a word against her, were you to swear it.”

As Catherine was afraid that Ellinor would not be able to conceal her jealousy from the gentlemen, she did not invite them in; and, on entering the house, felt very much inclined to take refuge in her own apartment; but as this would probably be



construed into a consciousness of guilt, she summoned courage, and made her appearance in the drawing-room, with as much composure as she could assume.

“ I hope, Miss Dundas, you enjoyed your walk from Duddingstone ?” said Ellinor.

“ Very much,” replied Catherine, trying to look unconcerned ; “ the day is remarkably pleasant.”

“ Not to mention your company,” retorted Mrs Lennox. “ Pray, if I may be allowed to ask, where did you pick up your escorts ?”

“ Why, as Charles did not make his appearance according to promise, Mrs Sefton would not hear of my walking home alone, and therefore requested Major Willoughby to accompany me. We met Sir Pelham by mere accident.”

“ Upon my honour,” said Ellinor, with a bitter laugh, “ these mere accidents are most diverting ; ’tis really amusing to see what strange things do happen without our having the least expectation of them.”

“ It is strange, but not at all diverting,” replied Catherine, “ to find how many persons there are in the world, who, by their faulty conduct, mar their happiness, and then unjustly throw the blame on others.”

And, on saying these words, Catherine hastily left the room.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Quince.* Is all our company here ?

*Bottom.* You were but to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

ANXIOUS as Catherine really was to escape the dinner party on Friday, she found it impossible to frame any feasible excuse for absenting herself ; and it was not without trepidation that she saw this ill-assorted company assemble. But as she had entrenched herself behind Mrs Sefton, Sir Pelham's attempts to reach her were unsuccessful.

Willoughby seemed to have no inclination to obtain her attention, but continued to watch her every motion, and the expressive glances of Sir Pelham.

Spencer was a good deal startled by finding, in his friend Sir Pelham Talmash, the handsome stranger who had excited the curiosity and admiration of Ellinor ; but his jealous fears were quickly dispelled, on observing that Catherine was the magnet of attraction. As, however, he suspected that Ellinor wished to engross the attentions of Sir Pelham, he determined strictly to watch the conduct of his volatile idol.

Nothing particular occurred during dinner, and most part of the company being engaged in scanning the thoughts and feelings of their neighbours, the conversation was disjointed and tame.

So soon as the ladies reached the drawing-room, Mrs Sefton turned to Catherine, and said, “ Really, Catherine, I like your Baronet very much. You have not exaggerated his perfections. But, for all that, I maintain Willoughby is superior to him both in manners and appearance.—Don’t you agree with me, Miss Lennox ?”

“Indeed,” replied Ellinor, piqued at hearing Sir Pelham called Catherine’s Baronet, “I can’t say I admire either of them much ; but they appear to be on very pleasant terms with themselves, which, I suppose, they owe to the flattery of some of our sex.” Here she glanced at Catherine.

Ellinor’s tone and manner were not lost on Mrs Sefton, who now began to suspect that all was not right between the cousins. When the gentlemen came up stairs, Sir Pelham quickly made his way up the room, and deliberately lifting the astonished Clara, he very composedly placed himself between Mrs Sefton and Catherine, who blushed deeply, and tried to hide her confusion by talking to Clara.

Ellinor, in extreme indignation at the desertion of all her admirers, attempted to conceal her chagrin by flirting violently with Ashley, and affected the most extravagant spirits, while Spencer, wounded by her evident admiration of Sir Pelham, stood silent and aloof. Matters were in this state.

when Sir Thomas begged Catherine to give them some music, and particularly requested to have a new duet of Rossini.

“ Oh, certainly,” replied Catherine, happy to get away from Sir Pelham, whose open admiration distressed her. “ Ellinor, Sir Thomas wishes us to play the new duet of Rossini ; will you take the piano-forte or harp part ?”

“ Get the books,” said Ellinor ; “ and when all is ready, I shall then tell you what part I mean to play.”

Catherine, without appearing to notice her impertinence, placed the music-books on the stands, and seating herself at the piano-forte, began playing a waltz.

“ Why, won’t you play my favourite air ?” echoed Sir Thomas.

“ I wait for Ellinor.”

“ Come away,” cried Sir Thomas to Ellinor, who then approaching Catherine, said rudely, “ Rise ; I shall take the piano-forte,” when Catherine, without deigning a reply, seated herself at the harp.

“ How beautiful Miss Dundas appears at the harp,” said Sir Pelham. “ It shows to so much advantage her charming figure and exquisitely turned hand and arm.”

“ She is certainly very handsome,” replied Mrs Sefton ; “ but I understand Miss Lennox is more generally admired.”

“ Miss Lennox’s features may perhaps be more perfect, but they want that play of expression, that soul, which, to me at least, is woman’s greatest charm, and which Miss Dundas possesses in such an eminent degree.”

“ Indeed,” said Mrs Sefton, “ I scarcely expected to find so much beauty in Scotland. Pray, how do you like our northern neighbours ?”

“ Very much, indeed.”

“ Do you make a long stay here ?”

“ I believe I shall. It was my intention to join my sister at Cheltenham ; but I find Scotland so delightful, I mean to try and persuade her to come down here ; and as she has the weakness of being very partial

to me, I dare say she will be happy wherever she secs me so."

"She must have a very accommodating temper," said Mrs Sefton, by no means pleased at this intelligence.

"She is indeed very amiable; and as she has no one but my poor self on whom to bestow her regard, of course I am a personage of the first importance."

"This may not always be the case with either of you," replied Mrs Sefton, archly.

"Perhaps not," he answered; "but will you allow me to bespeak your friendship for my sister? She is very young and timid, and I think will derive great advantage from mixing with my accomplished friends here."

Mrs Sefton found herself obliged to say how happy she would be to have the pleasure of Miss Talmash's acquaintance. But here the conversation was broken off by Charles's approach, who, addressing Mrs Sefton, said, "We have been arranging a boating-party for to-morrow; may I hope,



madam, that you and Captain Sefton will join us?"

"Don't mention it—I have quite a horror for the sea!"

"Oh, I am sure you need not be afraid to venture in such settled delightful weather."

"You must really excuse me. I could have no enjoyment in the thing, and my fears would just torment you all."

"I am sorry to lose the pleasure of your company; but since you are such a coward, I cannot press you to oblige us. Sir Pelham, we count on you. Be sure to bring your flute with you, and come early. Willoughby and Spencer are to be with us also."

The Seftons' carriage being soon after announced, the party broke up.

No sooner were they seated in the carriage, than Mrs Sefton began to detail her uneasiness. "Harry, do you know I am in agonies about that odious Sir Pelham. Don't you see that he is over head and

ears in love with Catherine? It is most unfortunate that he should come here to spoil our schemes with his sentimental nonsense."

"*His* feelings are of little moment," replied Sefton. "We need not make ourselves unhappy till we find Catherine returns his affection."

"It will be time then, indeed, to counteract him! I would give the world to know which of them she prefers."

"Perhaps I could tell you."

"I don't believe you. Women have much more penetration in these matters; and as I am at fault, I don't think it very likely that you have made the discovery. But which of them do you say will gain the prize?"

"Oh, Willoughby has it hollow. I have watched the symptoms."

"Do you really think so? Then I must try and get them domesticated with us again, for I should quite break my heart were Willoughby to lose her. Next to

you, I think he will make the best husband in the world."

Sefton kissed his wife's hand ; and as they now stopped at their own door, he followed her into their own home, quite convinced that there was not such another wife in the three kingdoms.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float  
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck  
With lavender, and sprinkled liquid sweets,  
That no rude savour maritime invade  
The nose of nice nobility !

COWPER.

And there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,  
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness.

BYRON.

THE following morning was one of unclouded beauty. Sol appeared to take this party of pleasure under his peculiar care, and darted down his brightest rays. Boreas, no longer rude, considerately went to sleep in one of his deepest caves, and there was not a breath of wind, no, not as much as would put in motion one of Mrs Lennox's

three ostrich feathers. The gentlemen arrived in good time ; Ellinor's new bonnet was trimmed quite to her taste ; in short, everything went on smoothly.

“ How long do you think you will be out ? ” asked Sir Thomas ; “ I don't at all like these boating-parties, and shall not feel easy till you return.”

“ Oh, Sir Thomas,” replied Mrs Lennox, “ I beg you will have no fears on my account ; I assure you, I am quite easy.”

Sir Thomas looked at the lady, in some surprise, that she should imagine her safety alone occasioned his anxiety ; but not deigning to enlighten her on the subject, he continued, “ I really would advise you all to give up this excursion ; it is getting very black in the west, and the wind is from that quarter—I am sure we shall have a squall.”

“ I think,” replied Ellinor, “ we may just as well have a squall without doors as within ; so pray, Charles, let us be going ; we are all ready.”

“ I shall be very anxious till you all return,” said Sir Thomas.

“ It is a bad plan to be anxious,” replied his amiable daughter-in-law, as she sailed out of the room, leaning on the arm of Sir Pelham, who, however, did not allow himself to be led further than the door, where he made a determined stand, saying,—

“ We must wait for Miss Dundas.”

“ Then,” replied Mrs Lennox, “ you will have to wait a considerable time, as Miss Dundas walked over to Duddingstone before breakfast, and does not return till to-morrow ; she affects to have a great dislike to the sea, because perhaps Mrs Seton pretends to be a coward ; but some people make a fuss about everything.”

Sir Pelham looked aghast, and Willoughby's countenance also expressed great surprise. “ Gone to Duddingstone !” exclaimed Sir Pelham ; “ this is an unexpected disappointment. Miss Dundas did not mention last night that such was her intention.”

“ Oh,” replied Mrs Lennox, with a sneer

“ I have no doubt Miss Dundas has very good reasons for her conduct, if one could only find them out ; but I hope we shall be able to exist without her for a few hours. Ellinor, are you ready ? ” An answer in the affirmative being given, the party proceeded to the place of embarkation, and quickly taking their seats in the boat, the sail was hoisted, and away it scudded through the calm and placid sea.

What various feelings agitated the different individuals of this party ! Ellinor, delighted at the absence of Catherine, directed the whole artillery of her charms against the Baronet ; Mrs Lennox, pleased to think that the party was made solely for her gratification, played off innumerable airs and graces ; Spencer, indignant at Ellinor’s open preference of Sir Pelham, sat silent and distant ; while Willoughby and Sir Pelham, vexed and mortified by Catherine’s absence, could with difficulty pay those attentions which politeness required.

This want of gallantry in the gentlemen

quickly put the good-humour of the ladies to the rout, and it required Charles' best efforts to keep up anything like conversation.

"Pray," asked Mrs Lennox, looking at the Bass, "why is that horrid black rock called the Bass?"

"Oh," replied Charles, with mock gravity, "it was called the Bass in memory of David Rizzio's bass fiddle, which he used to play to Queen Mary, when they danced Strathspeys and the Highland fling there almost every night, and which enraged her nobles so much, that vowing no dancing princess should rule over them, they shut her up in the Castle of Loch-Leven."

"La, what strange people you Scotch are!" replied Mrs Lennox; "I am sure, I see no harm in music or dancing either—by the by, Sir Pelham, you have brought your flute—do play some pretty little air."

This proposal was very disagreeable to Sir Pelham, who was busy puzzling himself to account for Catherine's absence: but.



as the fact of his having his flute was instantly proved, he found himself obliged to comply with the lady's request, and with a most pensive countenance, gave an air composed to the following beautiful verses by Moore.

How sweet the answer Echo makes  
To music at night,  
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,  
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,  
Goes answering light.

Yet, Love hath echoes truer far,  
And far more sweet,  
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star.  
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,  
The songs repeat :

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,  
And only then,  
The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear,  
Is by that one, that only dear,  
Breath'd back again.

But although Sir Pelham sighed duly at the close, his "only dear" was too far off to echo the tender sound. To get rid of the importunities of Mrs Lennox, who insisted

on Sir Pelham giving them some more music, he proposed to inquire if any of the boatmen could sing.

“ I am certain,” said Charles, “ that smart young fellow in the blue jacket, can give us a sailor’s song. I like his intelligent countenance.—I will go and ask him.”

“ Ah, do,” replied Mrs Lennox. “ I will be delighted to hear a sailor’s song.”

“ The ladies,” said Charles, to a weather-beaten old man, who sat at the helm ; “ the ladies are very desirous of hearing a sea-song. I think your young friend here, looks as if he could oblige us ?”

“ That can he, sir,” replied the old man ; “ there’s no his like in a’ Newhaven, for he’s a Newhaven lad, the son of Philip Jarvie the Pilot ; ye’ll maybe hae heard o’ him ? Now, Willie, ye needna be winking and nodding to me, for ye ken there’s no your neighbour for singing in a’ the country side ; so up wi’ My bonnie Kate, without mair ado.”

Charles having added his request to the

admonition of the old man, the young sailor complied, and gave the following song in a clear manly voice :—

THE SAILOR TO HIS BOAT.

My Kate—my Kate—my bonnie, bonnie Kate !

When the breeze is piping high,  
With thy rudder shipp'd, and thy canvass set,  
O'er the bounding waves we fly !

My Kate—my Kate—my bonnie, bonnie Kate !

Let the landsman court his bride ;  
With thee I woo a merrier fate,  
On the glancing ocean tide.

Away ! away ! with thy streamers gay,

Away through the April sea ;  
Ay, sweet Kate ! now, with thy bending prow,  
Thou art lilting merrily !

And merrily on where the white curlew

O'er the distant breaker screams,  
Thy keel shall furrow the waters blue,  
As thy foam-track brightly gleams.

Say, Kate, shan't we weather the stormy gales.

And breast the careering waves ?  
Think you they'll get us to turn our tails,  
Like a couple of lubberly knaves ?

My Kate—my Kate—my bonnie, bonnie Kate !  
I know thee better of old ;  
Since first I chose thee for my mate,  
Thou hast been as the north wind bold.

Then away ! away ! through our breezy Firth,—  
In an hour we'll fetch Dunbar ;  
In every heave there is health and mirth—  
Away ! like a sea-god's car !

Hunge through—right through—my bonnie Kate !  
Pass proudly o'er the billows ;  
Thy pennons wave, thy sails are set,  
Thy good masts bend like willows.

Huzza ! huzza ! my Kate ! well sail'd  
Let Boreas blow amain ;  
Thou never yet at his might hast quail'd,  
And thou'lt match him once again !

Ay ! now let the landsman boast of his wife,  
His wife with the laughing ee,—  
Will she carry him through the squalls of life,  
As thou, my Kate, dost me ?

I'll reef not an inch of thy canvass, Kate,  
Thou canst bear it all and more !  
Let they who fear to trust thee wait  
With the fresh water swabs ashore ;

We'll out alone, for we know the way,  
Thou need'st no helm, my lass !  
We'll shore away by the Isle of May,  
And sweep by the stormy Bass.

By St Andrew ! it is a sight to see  
Thy gunwale kiss the wave,  
As it gallops by right angrily ;  
But we'll cheat the saucy knave !

No prey art thou for him, sweet Kate,  
While thy oaken planks hold tight,  
So let him growl in his jealous hate,—  
He may bark, but he daurna bite.

My Kate—my Kate—my bonnie, -bonnie Kate !  
I loe thee more and more ;  
Let the sky look dark as the frown of fate—  
For us there are joys in store.

Then away through the ocean's valleys green,  
Away o'er its white-topp'd hills !  
Away, while the winds blow loud and keen,  
From life and its thousand ills !

“ Very well indeed !” exclaimed Charles, to the boatman ; “ you have not said a word more of the musical powers of your young friend than he deserves ; I have really been much pleased.”

“ Ah, sir,” said the old boatman, “ if ye like singing on the water, ye should hear it on one of our Highland lochs, hemmed round by mountains, inaccessible even to the light bounding step of the deer-hunter.”

“ Are you from the Highlands, friend ?”

“ Ay, sir. I am a Macdonald of the Crimson Heath, and old and feckless as I now am, my foot has pressed the heather on Craig Gnanich, where I have chased the roe and the red-deer.”

“ Is that a real Highlander ?” cried Mrs Lennox. “ I must go over and hear what he is saying.” And much to the relief of Sir Pelham, the lady went and seated herself by her new friend.

“ Great changes have taken place in the Highlands,” said Charles, meaning to compliment the old man. “ Your countrymen are becoming quite polished and refined.”

“ Ye may say that ; there are sad changes come in amongst us. The Highlanders now are but little better than so many Lowlanders.”

“ That must be very distressing,” replied Charles, with a good-natured smile. “ But how came you to leave your country ?”

“ My chief,” replied the old man, proud.

ly, “ raised a regiment, and I, his foster-brother, had a good right to go with him. He was wounded in the battle-field, and I carried him from it in my plaid ; but vain was the help of man—he died in my arms. I had no heart to return to my country when its pride was laid low, more particularly as his successor, though of his blood, wanted the liberal heart and hand of my chief. The base churl’s first act was to turn out of their farms, because they could not give such rents as his greed demanded, a score of families, whose forbears had lived on the place for countless generations ; but the curses of houseless old age, and the cries of wailing infants, drew down an awfu’ punishment on him !”

“ What is that he is saying about four bears ?” asked Mrs Lennox.

“ And pray, how was this unworthy chieftain punished ?” said Charles.

“ Ye see, sir, the chief’s castle stood close on the edge of the loch ; and the bonny

beilings from which the poor bodies were driven, were about half a mile from the castle. Well, sir, the young heir of the castle had wandered down one day to the beilings to play with some of the bairns of the new-comers, and they were busy making garlands of the rowans, and caps of rushes ; and while they were pulling the water-lilies that grew at the edge of the loch, the bairns were terrified on seeing a great black horse with fiery eyes, and flaming wide nostrils, come out of the loch and making towards them ; and the bairns began to cry out, and run away to their homes ; but the young laird, who was always a spirited boy, stood still and looked boldly at the horse, which went down on its knees, and crept close to the boy, whinnying and seeming to be so fond of him ; and the boy seeing this, clapped his head and played with his mane, and the other children, taking courage when they saw the horse so gentle and quiet, all flocked round him. And the young laird twist-



ing his little hand in the long mane, sprung on the back of the animal, and cried to the other boys to come up beside him. Then, first one boy got up, then another and another,—and always as the boys cried to the others to help them up, the back of the horse became longer and longer ; and thirty boys, with the young laird at their head, were sitting on the grousome monster when it suddenly sprung on its feet, reared and snorted—fire flashed from its eyes, and with one bound, it reached the water's edge. The cries of the children brought out the whole inhabitants of the clachan ; but they were only in time to see the long-backed horse plunge into the loch, and the roaring waters closed over the drowning bairns. They were never seen more."

"What stuff!" exclaimed Mrs Lennox, bursting into a loud laugh ; "is it possible that any one but a fool can believe such nonsense?"

The pride of the Highlander rushed to

his brow—he made no answer ; but turning to William, desired him to reef the sail, and stand in to shore, as there was a gale coming on.

“ A gale !” exclaimed Mrs Lennox, terrified that the Highlander had conjured up the storm to punish her unbelief. “ A gale ! then land me directly—I insist on your putting me on shore this moment.”

“ Don’t make a fool of yourself, Anne,” said Charles, “ there is no danger whatever ; but you may trust to the boatmen,—they know their duty.”

“ Ay, ay,” rejoined the Highlander ; “ Madam may trust to our knowing our duty.”

But this only increased Mrs Lennox’s conviction, that there was some private understanding between the Highlander and the long-backed horse ; and when the wind began to whistle, the waves to roar, and the rain to descend in torrents, she became almost frantic, and exclaimed, “ Put me out, put me out !”

“ My dear madam,” replied Willoughby, “ the thing is impossible, we cannot make land.”

Ellinor, too thoroughly frightened to be noisy, sat quite still, looking dreadfully pale ; while Spencer, distressed to see her so alarmed, hung over her, and tenderly endeavoured to reassure her.

But however lightly the gentlemen appeared to treat the matter, internally they were far from being easy. From a stiff gale the storm now increased to a perfect hurricane, the waves broke over the boat, the peril was evidently so great as to quiet even Mrs Lennox, and not a word was uttered by any one of the party.

The alarm felt by Catherine, meanwhile, for the safety of her friends, was not inferior to that experienced by the parties concerned. When she had declined joining them, it was more from a wish to escape the public attention of Sir Pelham, than from any apprehension of the sea. Still a depression.

which she could not throw off, hung on her spirits. In vain did Mrs Sefton tell her that the sky was without a cloud, the sea without a wave. She was restless and unhappy, and wandered about the grounds starting at every sound. At length even Mrs Sefton was forced to admit that there was a decided change in the weather. The sky was overcast, the wind came in sudden gusts, and the chirping of the birds betokened rain, which soon after descending in torrents, drove Catherine into the house, where, in unutterable anxiety, she stood at the window, quaking at every blast. Captain Sefton now began to look grave, and proposed going down to the shore.

“ Oh, take me with you !” exclaimed Catherine ; “ this agony of suspense is more than I can endure.”

“ We will all go !” added Mrs Sefton. “ Run, Harry, and bid them get the carriage round instantly.” And in a short time Catherine and her friends arrived in Hope Street, where they found Lady Lennox in

strong hysterics, and Sir Thomas in a state of the greatest uneasiness. The presence of Catherine calmed Lady Lennox, and the Seftons exerted themselves to persuade Sir Thomas, that he was alarmed beyond what the occasion warranted.

Having succeeded in restoring some degree of composure to Sir Thomas and his lady, Captain Sefton hurried away to endeavour to gain some intelligence of their friends. In a short time after, Mrs Sefton was called from the room, and she found Sefton waiting for her with a countenance full of consternation.

“Most alarming reports,” said he, “prevail in the village. It is said, that a boat answering the description has been drifted on shore—not a soul on board. But a ray of hope remains, as some say the boat with our friends, was seen making for Dunbar some hours since. Nothing certain is known. I propose, therefore, to set off instantly for Dunbar.”

Mrs Sefton had not time to express her

concern, before Catherine, who had caught Sefton's voice, hurried to them.

"My dear Catherine," said Mrs Sefton, "I beseech you to be composed,—all may yet be well. Sefton has heard that they have put into Dunbar, and he proposes going off directly to ascertain the truth of the report."

"Don't let us lose a moment—this suspense is intolerable," replied Catherine. "Nay, do not attempt to dissuade me from going with you," continued she, on observing they were about to speak. "I will suffer ten thousand times more by sitting inactive, and dwelling on images of horror."

"She is right," said Mrs Sefton, "we will both accompany you—Cheer up, dear Catherine, depend on it, we will meet them all returning; but, Harry, order another pair of horses to the carriage, while we tell Sir Thomas where we are going."

On hearing that it was reported the party were probably safe at Dunbar, Sir Thomas insisted on accompanying them;

but Mrs Sefton and Catherine united in persuading him to remain with Lady Lennox, to which he at length consented ; and the Seftons and Catherine set off as quickly as four horses could carry them. Most dismal was the scene which presented itself on their reaching the neighbourhood of Belhaven. The waves, which were running mountains high, broke over the sands with a deafening sound,—a dense and heavy mist hung over the sea—the wind howled with frightful violence, and the rain lashed on unceasingly. Not a word was spoken by the travellers until they entered Dunbar, where they met a crowd of people running to the beach, and heard the life-boat thundering along the streets. Sefton stopped one of the sailors to question him.

“ There is a boat’s crew in jeopardy, my master ! and I can’t belay now,” replied the man, as he hastened to join his companions.

Sefton directly ordered the carriage to follow the crowd to the beach. The mist

had partly cleared away, and a boat was distinctly seen, whose perilous situation created the keenest apprehension in the spectators.

“ I passed that boat not an hour since,” said an old fisherman—“ I know her by her trim ; it is a pleasure-yacht, and there are some ladies on board.”

This intelligence seemed to excite the commiseration of the crowd.

“ My lads !” cried ‘ adventurous Laing, “ we have often, through Heaven’s assistance, saved the drowning mariner—shall we then

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\* ——— The treacherous sands  
Awhile had staid their progress,—but not long ;—  
For all impediments were swept away  
Before adventurous LAING, the seaman’s friend !  
The hero of these shores ! How oft, Dunbar,  
Thy sons have seen him, in the darkest hour  
Of danger, snatch the victim from the wave !

See “ *The Wreck of the John and Agnes*,” by J. Miller, a beautiful poem, which commemorates a shipwreck upon this coast in 1816, more tragical in its results than that which it has been our humble endeavour to record.



allow women to perish—and so near us?—  
Follow me !”

The call was promptly obeyed—the life-boat was manned and on the point of being launched, when Sefton, after pressing his wife for an instant to his heart, rushed down to the beach and sprung into the boat, which directly put out to sea. In horror and despair Mrs Sefton threw herself into Catherine’s arms, and crying out, “ Let me not see him perish !” hid her face in her bosom.

But Catherine could not withdraw her eyes from the fearful sight. She watched, with intense agony, the progress of the life-boat, and her heart rose and fell with every wave. Suddenly the mist became again so dense, that no object was discernible through it. In vain did Catherine strain her sight, the bark which held those who were most dear to her, was no longer to be seen,—that also which contained those gallant men, who had risked their lives at the call of humanity, was lost to view. Had they all then perished ? This was a question which she did not dare to whisper to her

heart. In silent agony she remained motionless, almost insensible, till roused by a murmur amongst the crowd. The life-boat was seen returning—but alone ! The heart of Catherine died within her, as she watched its approach, and felt that a few short moments would decide her fate. As soon as it touched the strand, Sefton sprung out, and hurried to the carriage.

“ They are safe ! ”

“ All ? ” asked Catherine.

“ All,” he answered ; and Catherine fell back in a deep swoon.

Sefton quickly entered the carriage, and was clasped in the arms of his wife, who looked on him as one rescued from the grave. He kissed off her tears, and assisting her to support Catherine, who continued insensible, they drove without loss of time to the hotel, where they laid her on a couch, and were still employed in endeavouring to restore her to animation, when they were joined by Mrs Lennox, Ellinor, and the gentlemen. Mrs Sefton, rejoiced

at their escape, embraced Mrs Lennox and Ellinor, gave the gentlemen a cordial welcome, and then returned to chafe the temples of Catherine, whose countenance now gave signs of life.

With the most violent emotion, Willoughby gazed on her pallid cheek. What would he not have given to have had the feelings of her heart laid open before him—to know if her anguish arose from the fear of losing her cousins, or if it was not occasioned by a yet deeper feeling—if so, for whom?—and Willoughby shuddered as the thought crossed him, that Sir Pelham was perhaps the object of her solicitude. He was still immersed in these reflections, when the blood began to return to Catherine's cheek; she opened her eyes and looked wildly around. One glance sufficed—all were there—she threw her arms about Ellinor, and burst into a flood of tears. Ellinor's better feelings being roused by her miraculous escape from a dreadful death, envy, jealousy—all were forgotten, and she re-

turned Catherine's embrace with unaffected warmth.

"Upon my word," said Mrs Lennox, "this is really a pretty reception ! It may look exceedingly amiable and interesting to fall a-crying, but it would be fully as agreeable if you would endeavour to get us some dry clothes and refreshments."

"Indeed," answered Mrs Sefton, "we have neglected this too long ; do you and Miss Lennox follow me, and we shall try and get some comfortable apparel ; and, Sefton, go you meanwhile and order fresh horses to the carriage, for the sooner we get the ladies home the better, both on their own account, and to relieve the anxiety of Sir Thomas and Lady Lennox."

"I shall make them harness instantly," replied Sefton ; "and shall also order a post-chaise for the gentlemen."

While these arrangements were making, the gentlemen sought out their gallant preserver ; and, having expressed their deep gratitude for his unparalleled exertions,

they left with him a munificent sum to be distributed among his brave companions : then returning to the hotel, where they found everything ready for their departure, and the ladies already gone, they entered the carriage and quickly followed them.

On the arrival of the ladies in Hope Street, Lady Lennox hurried out to meet them, embraced them all, and laughed and cried alternately ; while Sir Thomas, although “ unused to the melting mood,” with difficulty refrained from following her example. He complained of a tightness in his throat, and said a mist swam before his eyes. These finer feelings were soon, however, put to flight by the conduct of Mrs Lennox, who, scarcely deigning to notice the congratulations of Sir Thomas and his lady, brushed past them, and hurried to her apartment, where the whole household were quickly in requisition to supply her numerous wants. Martha’s patience was completely exhausted by incessant demands for sack-whey, posset.

gruel, &c. ; and at last having insisted on a special messenger being dispatched to Edinburgh for two physicians, she established herself in bed in due form. The gentlemen now arrived, Charles and Sefton alighted, Willoughby and Spencer drove on to the Barracks, and Sir Pelham, after inquiring particularly for the ladies, proceeded to the Baths to change his wet habiliments.

As Mrs Sefton was quite miserable on finding that Sefton's clothes were completely drenched, she also quickly took leave of her friends, and hastened away to Duddingstone.

Mrs Lennox having lavished so much care on herself, there was little occasion for the attention of others ; and Catherine, though still very much agitated by the recent shock, bestowed not a thought on herself, but directed all her attentions to Ellinor, whom she hurried to bed, and having used all due precautions, in a few days the ladies were pronounced convalescent.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.*

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

CATHERINE'S kindness to Ellinor, during the indisposition caused by the late alarm, softened for a time her unfriendly feelings towards her; but no sooner was she released from a sick bed, than all her jealousy and envy revived. That Sir Pelham was deeply attached to Catherine, was evident to the most casual observer—that she had gained the heart of Willoughby also, was equally indisputable. All this was quite incomprehensible to Ellinor, who, conscious that she had always eclipsed her cousin in the ball-room, could not understand

how Catherine had become lady of the ascendant,—not recollecting that Catherine was now seen in that place where her virtues and charms shone resplendent—her home.

It required all Catherine's patience to enable her to bear her unpleasant situation. Her comfort was totally destroyed. If she went to Duddingstone, it was to meet Willoughby—if she remained at home, it was to see Sir Pelham. A consciousness of her feelings towards Willoughby, and her dread of their being observed, caused her to avoid his society; and when forced to meet him, imparted to her manner a degree of coldness and restraint which deeply wounded him. Aware of Sir Pelham's attachment, and wishing to spare him the pain, she endeavoured gently, but firmly, to repel his attention; but he, too much in love to be easily repulsed, lost no opportunity of showing openly his hopes and wishes.

The agitation of Catherine on the late



occasion, furnished Captain and Mrs Sefton with a never-ending subject for conversation. That she was deeply attached, the violence of her emotions and the agony depicted on her countenance on learning the danger to which the party was exposed, gave abundant proof; but while Sefton declared Willoughby to be the favoured mortal, Mrs Sefton's fears led her to apprehend that Sir Pelham would carry off the prize: and as soon as the ladies were restored to health, she determined to make an effort to withdraw her friend from the sphere of Sir Pelham's attractions.

"Harry," said Mrs Sefton one day, "I am going this very moment to Hope Street, and I am determined to bring Catherine back with me. I shall not feel easy till I get her away from Sir Pelham. If she consents to accompany me home, remember you are to ride on to the Barracks and bring Willoughby over with you."

"Do you intend to tell Catherine that we propose asking Willoughby?"

“ By no means ; she is to know nothing about it till she meets him here. I hope I shall find her alone, for I cannot endure either Mrs Lennox or Ellinor.”

According to Mrs Sefton’s wish, she found Catherine at home and alone.

“ My dear Catherine,” said Mrs Sefton, “ you can’t think how delighted I am to find you solus.”

“ My friends are much obliged to you,” replied Catherine, smiling.

“ Oh !” answered Mrs Sefton, “ I dare-say your friends are very good sort of people, but I am not in the humour for them at present ; in short, I want to have a little private confabulation with you.”

“ Then I fancy I need not inform Lady Lennox you are here ; indeed I believe she is particularly engaged.”

“ So much the better ; but now for my request—and please to recollect, I shall be mortally offended if you refuse me.”

“ If the affair rests with me, you can scarcely doubt how it will go.”

“ Well, then, to let you into a secret, Harry and I are beginning to tire sadly of each other’s company, and you must positively go back with us to assist us to put the blues to the rout ; really, considering we have come so far on purpose to see you, I think you have used us but shabbily in being so little with us. Now, Catherine,” she continued, on observing her thoughtful look, “ I see you are preparing some excuse, but I am quite determined to accept of none.”

“ So far,” answered Catherine, “ from preparing an excuse for refusing your request, I am meditating how to manage to accompany you. We have a party this evening, which,” she added with a blush, “ I would give the world to escape ; but I must first obtain the consent of Lady Lennox.”

Away flew Catherine, and in a short time returned, to announce that she had received her ladyship’s permission for her to accompany her friend.

“ Well, dear Catherine, do go and order your baggage to be packed, and be sure to put up a large supply of drapery, for I shall not part with you for an age.”

“ Amuse yourself with a book, then, till I return,” said Catherine, giving Mrs Sefton the first volume which came in her way, and which happened to be the *Pleasures of Memory*, with Sir Pelham’s name at full length on the first leaf.

“ Won’t you cater for me also ?” asked Sefton.

“ Oh, I don’t know your taste—please yourself. But, Ellen, I am quite at a loss what to do about Clara. I am afraid that if I leave her behind, she will cry herself ill again ; and yet I cannot think of troubling you with her.”

“ If you talk again of Clara and trouble, replied Mrs Sefton, “ I shall be seriously angry with you. You know, or ought to know, that any favourite of yours will always be welcome to me ; besides, I like the

child ; so don't waste any more words, but go and make your arrangements."

" Since you are so kind," answered Catherine, " I shall order her things to be put up ; but I won't tell her of the pleasure which is in store for her, till I have obtained leave from Mrs Lennox to take her with us ; not that I suppose she will object to the plan, but we must pay her the compliment of asking her consent. I hope Mrs Lennox won't be long of coming in from her walk, as I know you don't like to be kept waiting."

" Oh, I am not at all restless to-day," replied Mrs Sefton ; " besides, I mean to wait here till Sefton pays a short visit in the neighbourhood ; so march off to your packing.—And Harry," she continued, as soon as Catherine had left them, " go away directly to the Barracks, and be sure to engage Willoughby to come to us to-day. I should like to know who are to be here this evening ; if Sir Pelham is to be one of

the party, her wish to avoid it bodes no good to him. I must try to get Catherine to satisfy my curiosity."

Sefton had not been gone long when Charles made his appearance. "How do you do, Mrs Sefton?" he exclaimed. "This is an unexpected pleasure. But how comes it that you are alone? does Catherine know that you are here?"

"Yes," replied Mrs Sefton; "and she has just left me for a few minutes, to prepare for accompanying me back to Duddingstone."

"Impossible!" replied Charles, in much surprise. "We are to have some friends with us this evening, which she must have forgot when she promised to go with you."

"No, she mentioned it to me; but she seemed rather to wish to avoid joining your gay circle."

"*Some* people will be terribly disappointed by her absence," said Charles; "but here she comes. What do you mean, Catherine, by running away from your admirers in this

manner ? I don't know how Sir Pelham is to bear your absence, not to mention others."

" I dare say he will survive the shock," replied Catherine, trying to look unconcerned ; " but I am very glad you have come in, for Mrs Sefton has been so kind as to ask Clara to accompany me, and I could not venture to take her without having Mrs Lennox's permission; now perhaps yours will be sufficient, as I see my friend Ellen is impatient to be off."

" You do me great injustice ; I flatter myself my patience is inexhaustible ; besides, I am quite engrossed with the Pleasures of Memory. I see the volume belongs to Sir Pelham."

" I suppose," said Charles, laughing, " that the next work he purchases will be the *Pleasures of Hope*."

" You have not told me if Clara is to go with me," said Catherine, anxious to turn the conversation.

" Oh, take her by all means ; she is quite unmanageable without you, and mopes her-

self to death whenever you leave her. But I fear," he continued, addressing Mr Sefton, "you will find her a very troublesome inmate?"

"Oh, not at all; I am very fond of her. She will amuse us with her prattle."

"Be sure, Charles," said Catherine, "to tell Mrs Lennox we had your permission to take Clara with us."

"Yes, yes," he replied, "I will tell her all about it."

Sefton soon after returned, and Catherine's preparations being completed, the party set off for Duddingstone, accompanied by Clara, who was in an ecstacy of delight at leaving cross mamma and ill-natured aunt Ellinor. As Mrs Sefton could not question her husband before Catherine on the success of his mission, she was forced to restrain her curiosity till they reached home, when she seized the first opportunity to interrogate her lord and master.

"Well, Harry, is Willoughby coming? I am dying to know."



“ He cannot come to-day, and it is even doubtful if he will visit us to-morrow. He would not promise.”

“ Does he know that Catherine is here ?”

“ Yes, but it seemed to have no effect.”

“ This is very extraordinary. I am sure there must be some misunderstanding ; but do you know I am not half so much afraid of Sir Pelham now, for although he is to be at the Lennoxes’ to-night, Catherine consented at once to come to us, and even seemed glad to get away, which is all in Willoughby’s favour.”

“ But Willoughby is to be there also.”

“ Impossible ! you must be mistaken.”

“ Not at all. He told me so expressly, and he did seem a good deal surprised when I mentioned that Catherine was with us, and made me repeat it twice over.”

“ This is a most puzzling affair. I cannot settle it at all to my satisfaction. The deuce take me if I can tell which she prefers. Can’t you help me, man ?”

“ I have told you fifty times already that Willoughby is the conquering hero.”

“ I hope sincerely you are right, but I must try and extract the truth from Catherine. I am sure if I was not married, she would not be so reserved with me, but she has taken some nonsensical freak into her head, that wives tell everything to their husbands.”

“ It’s but fair, I think,” replied Sefton laughingly, “ when husbands tell everything to their wives.—But let us now join our friend.” And arm in arm this happy couple entered the drawing-room, where we shall for the present leave them.

When Mrs Lennox and Ellinor returned from their walk, they were surprised to hear of Catherine’s visit to the Seftons, with which they were also much delighted, as they felt her dignified propriety of conduct a tacit reproof to their levity and want of self-respect.

As Charles totally forgot his promise to tell his wife that he had given Catherine leave to take Clara with her, that lady, on hearing of her abduction, flew into a violent

rage, and complained loudly of the crime Catherine had committed, in carrying off her child without her august permission.

“Upon my word,” said she to Ellinor, who happened to be her only auditor, “this is a piece of the coolest impertinence I ever knew. To complete her insolence, she had better run off with my husband too. If it were not so late, and that I must have Jenkinson to dress my hair this evening, I would send her this moment to bring the brat home again; indeed, I have half a mind to send her yet.”

“Indeed,” replied Ellinor, terrified at the thoughts of losing Jenkinson’s assistance, “you had better let her stay where she is; if you brought her home, you would very probably have to send her back again, for she is never happy but when at Catherine’s elbow.”

“I wonder,” retorted Mrs Lennox, “how these mighty well-behaved people the Seftons can approve of such conduct; but, as you say, I may just as well let Clara re-

main, for she would only make a riot here, and perhaps give one a headach ;” and this consideration settled the matter.

When the party assembled in the evening, Willoughby, to the surprise of Charles, who had long suspected his attachment, made no inquiry for Catherine ; but Sir Pelham, after watching the door for half-an-hour, turned to Ellinor and said, “ Pray where is Miss Dundas ? I hope indisposition is not the cause of her absence.”

“ She is perfectly well,” replied Ellinor, piqued by his inquiries, “ but she chose to go to Duddingstone to-day.”

Sir Pelham could with difficulty conceal his mortification at this intelligence ; but hoping to hear that something particular had occurred to carry her to Duddingstone, he replied, “ Perhaps Mrs Sefton is unwell, and made a point of Miss Dundas going to her ?”

“ That can scarcely be the case,” answered Ellinor, “ for Mrs Sefton was here to-day—Indeed,” she added, with the view

of piquing Sir Pelham's pride, " I rather think it was Catherine's own proposal to go with her,—which, I must say, is somewhat extraordinary, considering she knew our friends were to be with us: it is paying them a poor compliment; but she is whimsical, and does just as she pleases."

During this conversation, Lady Lennox was bemoaning to Willoughby the absence of Catherine.

" Really," said her ladyship, " I was very unwilling to allow her to leave us to-day, and did all I could to prevail on her to postpone her visit till to-morrow; but she seemed so bent on going back with Mrs Sefton, I could not resolve to disappoint her. She is in general so persuadable, and ready to give up her wishes to oblige others, that I am sure there must be some very particular cause for her anxiety to go to Duddingstone; but she is so good and amiable, I can deny her nothing."

Lady Lennox was now called away to

play chess with Sir Thomas, and Willoughby was joined by Charles, who, sorry for his dejection, and certain that it proceeded from some misunderstanding with Catherine, resolved to find out the cause of their estrangement, and, if possible, to effect a reconciliation.

“ We have all been scolding that runaway Catherine for deserting us in this unhandsome manner. Nothing goes on well without her ; we can’t get any music worth listening to ; and Sir Pelham says he can play the flute with no one but her. You and I, Willoughby, must go over to Duddingstone to-morrow, and try to bring her back with us.”

“ If,” said Willoughby, in a tone of mortification, “ Sir Pelham Talmash’s company has failed to detain Miss Dundas at home, it would be presumption in us to hope for better success.”

“ Jealous, by Jove !” thought Charles ; “ I know the symptoms too well to be deceived.”

“ Do you believe, then, that Sir Pelham has such influence over my cousin ? ”

“ Every one who has the smallest particle of observation must think so,” replied Willoughby, with a bitter smile.

“ How comes it, then, that she left us to-day ? She knew he was to be here.”

“ You must ask Miss Dundas that question. But you know, my friend, ladies in love are sometimes a little whimsical.”

“ If Catherine is in love,” replied Charles, “ it is certainly not with Sir Pelham ; on the contrary, I think she regards him with the most perfect indifference.”

“ Impossible ! ” exclaimed Willoughby, wishing, yet fearing, to believe him ; “ I am quite convinced of their mutual attachment.”

Here, to the great chagrin of Willoughby, this conversation, so interesting to his feelings, was interrupted by a song from Ellinor, who, in high spirits at the absence of her rival, directed all her smiles and witcheries against the heart of Sir Pel-

ham—but in vain ; for Catherine—the modest, unobtrusive Catherine—was too firmly seated there to be supplanted by her selfish and unamiable cousin.

While Ellinor was putting all these engines in action against the affections of Sir Pelham, Spencer secretly watched the game she was playing ; and as each paltry manœuvre to entrap the Baronet unfolded itself to his observation, he more than ever deplored that want of resolution and fortitude, which prevented him from casting her for ever from his heart.

Engrossed as so many of the party were in painful reflections, it may easily be supposed that the conversation was spiritless and constrained ; and Charles, observing various symptoms of weariness, ordered in supper ; soon after which the company departed to their several abodes—some to sleep, and some, perchance, to dream.



## CHAPTER X.

I have a little infirmity in my disposition, that where  
I fondly love, or highly esteem, I cannot bear reproach.

BURNS.

Beware of tattlers, keep your ear  
Close stopp'd against the tales they bear,  
                                Fruits of their own invention ;  
The separation of chief friends,  
Is what their kindness most intends,  
                                Their sport is your dissension.

COWPER.

IN a few days after this, Sir Pelham once more made his appearance at the Lennoxes', to beg that the ladies would assist him in choosing a pleasant residence for his sister, who was now on her way to Scotland, accompanied by some friends, who, having resolved to visit the Highlands,

agreed to escort Miss Talmash down to our northern capital.

Ellinor, all smiles and gaiety, consented to his request ; but Sir Pelham, secretly disappointed on finding Catherine still absent, and desirous of consulting her opinion on the point, endeavoured to postpone their movements. In this, however, he was overruled by Mrs Lennox and Ellinor ; and each of the ladies taking an arm, they led captive the Baronet.

“ Pray, Miss Lennox,” said Sir Pelham, as they walked along the sands, “ who is that very handsome young man who is looking at you so earnestly ?”

“ Where ? ” exclaimed Ellinor ; and glancing around, her eyes encountered the fixed gaze of a pair of dark, devil-may-care-like orbs, and in their possessor she recognised the stranger whom she and Catherine had met in the ever-memorable stage-coach. A little embarrassed at the recollection of the adventure, she quickly withdrew her

eyes, and replied, " I have seen the gentleman before."

There was something in her manner which awakened the curiosity of Sir Pelham, and he replied, " It is pretty evident that he has seen you before. Poor fellow ! he seems quite dejected at your coldness ; he is a very fine-looking young man—how have you managed to steel your heart against him ?"

" Oh," replied Ellinor, anxious to remove his suspicions, " he is no admirer of *mine*, I assure you ; perhaps my grave cousin could give you some account of him. She has become very fond of walking into the country of late. But it is not fair to tell tales out of school ; so not another word on the subject."

This startling speech opened a new source of anxiety and apprehension to Sir Pelham, who, occupied by alarming apprehensions, heard not one word in ten that his fair companions addressed to him. He now began to fear that Catherine's coldness to him was

occasioned by an attachment to another ; yet how could this be ? He was constantly at the Lennoxes', yet had never seen, or even heard of this rival. It was evident, therefore, that the family did not approve of his pretensions ; Ellinor had not acknowledged him, though it was plain that he was not unknown to her. Was Catherine, then, entangled in a hopeless or clandestine attachment ? This indeed would but too well account for her avoidance of his attentions, her pensive air, her solitary walks ; and Sir Pelham sighed deeply. But Hope came again to his aid, and whispered, that although this handsome youth might love Catherine, it did not follow that his passion was returned ; and as he reflected on the uprightness and openness of Catherine's character, he became more and more convinced that she was incapable of carrying on a system of deliberate treachery and deceit ; and, consoled by this belief, he recalled his wandering thoughts, and passed to the order of the day.

The search for a habitation that would please both Mrs Lennox and Ellinor, seemed likely to be as fruitless as Diogenes's attempts to find an honest man. Some were too large, some too small ; one suited as to accommodation, but was relinquished on account of the glaring enormity of the western sun ; another was declared uninhabitable from being exposed to the east wind—dear Amy would be frozen to death. A comfortable mansion was next disdained on account of a shabby drawing-room carpet, another for want of a proper wardrobe for Miss Talmash's elegant dresses ; a vulgar chest of drawers would never do. Sir Pelham, however, thought otherwise ; and, finding the house very commodious, prettily furnished, and, above all, not far from Hope Street, he engaged it for a couple of months ; and, pacifying the ladies with a promise of getting a proper wardrobe down from Edinburgh, he saw them home, and bidding them farewell, returned to his quarter-deck walk on the grass plat, there to muse on the perfec-

tions of Catherine, and to please himself with the hope that his sister would be the means of procuring him frequent opportunities of pressing his suit with the woman he adored.

The gentleman who had unconsciously imparted so much uneasiness to the mind of Sir Pelham, was certainly in love, but Catherine was guiltless of having raised the flame. Our new friend was a Gordon by birth, a sailor by profession, and by nature as gay, rash, and frank a youth as ever trod a deck. Beloved for his joyous temper, admired for his bold and daring spirit, no party, for either frolic or fighting, was thought complete without him. The only son of his father, a gentleman of considerable property in a northern county, for the first ten years of his life he had never known what it was to have a wish ungratified. At that period, however, he lost his mother ; and his father marrying soon after, and his whole affection being engrossed by new ties, the before idol-

ized boy found his halcyon days were over. It does not necessarily follow, that filling the place of a stepmother will make a woman's heart bad, and her disposition cruel ; but if they are naturally so, this situation will certainly draw them forth, and poor little Ned Gordon was doomed to experience the truth of the remark. His pretty pony was sold, his rabbits were ousted, and his dove-cot was demolished. His merry pranks were now designated mischievous tricks ; and having been one day severely and unjustly punished for an innocent frolic, the boy, glowing with indignation, resolved to leave his home ; and tying up a few clothes in a package, which he swung at the end of his stick, he fearlessly threw himself on the world, and commenced his career by entering on board a ship which was about to sail from a neighbouring port.

By the kind interference of Mr Barton, who was brother to Edward's lamented mother, Mr Gordon was prevailed on to exert himself to promote his son's success in the

profession he had chosen. He was accordingly quickly rated midshipman ; and after serving the usual time, he received promotion, and signalized himself so much in a profession for which he was admirably adapted, that at the period of which we now speak, he was second lieutenant of a frigate lately returned from a cruize, and now lying at Spithead ; and having obtained leave of absence, he, after paying a short visit to his father, hurried to P——, ostensibly to pay his duty to his uncle, but in reality drawn thither by the strong cords of love.

During one of his visits to P——, his youthful fancy was caught by the merry face of Charlotte Osborne, the only daughter of the veteran Colonel Osborne, who, having retired from active service, had resided some years in P——.

Among the many candidates for the favour of Miss Osborne, there were two only who had any chance of success. Reason, in the shape of Colonel Osborne, urged her to choose her cousin Mr Russell, who possess-



ed a fair character, and a yet fairer estate. Love, in the guise of Ned Gordon, urged his suit with boldness and intrepidity, and frankly told her she would be much happier with him than with her more quiet cousin,—and this assertion her heart could not contradict. Warmly attached, neither father nor daughter could resolve to thwart each other, and this most momentous affair was left to be decided by time and circumstances. Charlotte, however, certain that Mr Gordon would, in the disposal of his fortune, do ample justice to his eldest son, and so remove her father's objections to their union, could not prevail on herself to hide from her lover the interest he had gained in her affections; and she soothed his jealous fears, by declaring her perfect indifference for cousin Henry. Conscious, however, as Edward was, that this dreaded cousin had many things to recommend him which he did not possess, our young lover, rash and impetuous in all his feelings, often gave way to fits of jealousy—which his fair

mistress as frequently resented, as implying distrust of that faith which she had vowed to hold inviolable. Another reason withheld Charlotte from vexing her father at this period, which was, that he had just suffered a severe disappointment in his only son, who had made a foolish love-match, in defiance of the prohibition of his father, for which offence he was forbid the house; and although Charlotte used all her influence to prevail on him to forgive and receive the youthful couple, the exasperated father remained immovable. Charlotte, however, did not despair of effecting a reconciliation; and, from time to time, her brother came by stealth to see her, and learn what progress she had made in her work of love. As Charlotte did not wish to involve Edward in the sin of countenancing the rebellious son, which would have exposed him to her father's displeasure, she always contrived to secure his absence when she expected to have an interview with her brother; and, in pursuance of this scheme, she, on this

day, sent him from her on some plausible pretence ; and he, not knowing what to do with himself, had sauntered down to the sands, where he encountered his quondam fellow-traveller, and conjured up in the heart of Sir Pelham “ Hydras, gorgons, and chimeras dire.”

Charlotte was still in deep discourse with her brother, when, happening to raise her eyes to the window, she observed Mrs Smellarat just entering the gate. Run, Philip, make your escape into the next room, there comes Mrs Smellarat—it would be utter ruin to us all if my father were to learn that you were here.”

“ I am afraid,” replied he, “ it is too late. I think she must have seen me at the window.”

“ She may not know it is you—run, I beseech you.”

And Mrs Smellarat entered the lobby, just as the skirt of Philip’s coat disappeared at an opposite door.

“How do you do, my dear Miss Osborne? I hope Colonel Osborne is well?”

“Quite well, madam,” replied Charlotte.

“Is he at home to-day?”

“No; he went to Edinburgh early this morning, and has not returned yet.”

“Indeed! well, how people may be mistaken; I’m sure I thought I saw a gentleman standing near the window as I came in, and I fancied he had a great resemblance to Colonel Osborne.”

“As you so justly remark, people are very often deceived in this world.”

Piqued at being so foiled, Mrs Smellarat, who knew perfectly well the attachment which subsisted between Charlotte and Edward Gordon, determined to have her revenge.

“Have you seen Mr Edward Gordon lately? I think you are acquainted with him?”

“Yes, very lately.”

“I really pity my worthy friend, Mrs

Barton, in having her quiet and orderly family disturbed by such an inmate."

" I never before heard that Mrs Barton's family was either quiet or orderly ; but even if it were, I don't see how Mr Gordon's presence can be any annoyance."

" Ah ! my dear Miss Osborne, I see you know very little about him. Mrs Barton told me in confidence, that ever since he came there, the house has been turned upside down. ' Mrs Smellarat,' says she to me, ' it's not to be told the plagues that laddie brings on me. When we were by ourselves, Mr Barton, honest man, slipped away to his bed by eight o'clock ; but now,—what between playing piquet with Neddy, as he calls him, and cracking about shipwrecks and Jack-tars,—I can never get him to his bed till ten or eleven o'clock at night ; and you, Mrs Smellarat,' said she, ' that know I never hear a word out of his mouth for months thegither, may guess how confounded I was to hear him liting away at—" On board of the Arethusa," and beating time

with his crutch to the skirling of that laddie's flute.' "

" Really, madam," replied Charlotte, " I cannot sympathize with Mrs Barton's complaints ; on the contrary, I think Mr Gordon employs his time in a most praiseworthy manner, when he devotes it to amusing his uncle, to whose kindness he is so much indebted."

" As you very sensibly observe, he does owe a great deal to Mr Barton, who, I am told, had much difficulty in preventing his father from disinheriting him. Some sad story, I believe; one may be sure, when they hear of boys being packed off to sea, that it is all over with them on shore. I say nothing, however; the affair is none of mine; and since Mr Barton has been so imprudent as to allow him to have a haunt about the house, he must just make the best of it."

" I believe," retorted Charlotte, indignant at these aspersions on her lover, " if the truth were known, it would be found——"

" I am quite of your opinion, that, if the

truth were known, it would be found that Mr Barton had done a very imprudent thing in domesticating this young man in his family, and Nancy grown up too. But this is not all,—Mrs Barton told me herself, that when she returned home the other day from paying a few visits, she happened to go into the kitchen, and there she found two sailors, sitting at a table set out with cold beef, and bread and cheese, and Mr Edward cutting slices as thick as a divot from the good round of beef; and when she went up stairs to learn the meaning of this wastery, she found Mr Barton rummaging in the press for ale and whisky; and when he saw Mrs Barton looking very ill pleased, he tried to excuse the extravagance, by saying, that one of the men had saved Edward's life when he was wrecked in the Mediterranean, and the other (whom Mrs Barton said they called a lolly boy, though she declared he could not be less than fifty) had nursed him during a violent fever, and that they both had walked the whole way from Hull on purpose to

see him. I understand that Mr Edward divided his purse between them, so I suppose he will sorn on my poor friends the Bartons till his pay-day comes round again.’

“ Allow me,” said Charlotte, with high displeasure in every look and tone, “ to tell you——”

“ That he is a great flirt,” interrupted Mrs Smellarat ; “ I fancy there is little doubt of that fact ; they say he has carried matters pretty far with several ladies—I left him just now on the sands in full chase of a very pretty girl who was walking there. Perhaps you have seen Miss Lennox—I am sure he would have spoken to her had she not been attended by one of her numerous admirers.”

Charlotte having discovered the malice which dictated these remarks, determined not to give her tormentor the triumph of knowing she had inflicted pain. Assuming therefore an air of unconcern, she replied carelessly, that she did not wonder at his



admiration of Miss Lennox, who was certainly a very lovely woman.

“ Pray, how is your cousin Mr Russell? have you seen him lately?”

“ He is perfectly well, and I hope will soon be in Edinburgh.”

“ Perhaps he is there already.”

“ Perhaps he is.”

“ Maybe a little nearer,” retorted Mrs Smellarat, looking significantly at Philip’s hat, which her prying eyes had discovered under the sofa, when, seeing by Charlotte’s glowing cheeks and eyes sparkling with indignation, that her patience and forbearance were exhausted, she gently tapped her shoulder and saying—“ Young ladies will have their secrets, but you may depend on my silence,” she hastily departed, leaving Charlotte undecided whether to laugh or cry at the impertinence and malice of her unwelcome visitor.

As soon as the Busy-Body was gone, Charlotte called her brother from his place

of concealment, and they resumed their interesting conference, in the midst of which, Philip, with the restlessness incident to men, approached the window and stood there for a considerable time, before he discovered the eyes of Mrs Smellarat were fixed upon him, and that she was watching him from an opposite house. His exclamation brought Charlotte to the window, who was equally diverted and provoked to see Mrs Smellarat's broad nose bruised against the glass. Charlotte looked steadfastly at her for a moment, and then dropping the Venetian blinds in the very face of this female Marplot, she proceeded to expedite the departure of her brother, who emerging from the back door, took his way through the Mews Lane, unseen even by the sharp eyes of Mrs Smellarat.

No sooner had this lady made good her entrance into the opposite house, than she took up a position close to the window, and secretly determined not to leave her station till she had ascertained to whom that hat

belonged which she had seen crammed below the couch.

“There he is,” she exclaimed, when Philip so inadvertently showed himself at the window ; “ I was sure I was right—pretty doings these in her father’s absence.”

“What ! Mrs Smellarat, speaking to yourself !” said the lady of the house, who now entered to her visitor.

“What I have seen would make anybody speak, Mrs Ramey.”

“What is the matter ?” asked Mrs Ramey, in some surprise.

“Let me ask you,” replied Mrs Smellarat, “if you saw a young gentleman at Colonel Osborne’s any time to-day ?”

“I certainly did, and I presume you saw him also, for he must have been in the house when you went in.”

“’Tis just as I thought ; upon my word, this is too bad.”

“Why !” said Mrs Ramey, smiling, “I must confess I do not see any great harm in a young gentleman calling on a young lady.

At all events, my dear madam, neither you nor I are interested in the affair."

"You are very much mistaken—I am very deeply interested in the matter; and I shall tell you all about it. You must know that my young friend Mr Edward Gordon is attached to Miss Osborne, who has given him abundance of encouragement; but, as some uncertainty hangs over his prospects, the lady seems to think it as well to have two strings to her bow, and makes no scruple to receive the attentions of her cousin Mr Russell, though she has repeatedly told Mr Edward Gordon that she had given him up. Now, this is not acting fairly by my young friend, and knowing my intimacy with the Bartons, she might be afraid her double-dealing would reach his ears, which I presume was the reason why she spirited away Mr Russell before I came in."

"You did not see him then?"

"No no, she was too cunning for that—I saw nothing but a smart-looking hat and the skirt of a coat."

“ It may possibly have been her brother.”

“ That is out of the question—she might as well jump into the fire as disobey Colonel Osborne ; he is a perfect martinet ; and besides this, there could be no reason for concealing her brother’s visit from me—all the world knows my prudence. No, no ; depend on it, it was Mr Russell, and she was afraid I might think it my duty to give my friends the Bartons a hint of what was going on.”

“ Really, Mrs Smellarat, I would advise you not to interfere in the matter, but allow the young people to manage their own affairs—people seldom get any thanks for advice given on these occasions.”

“ I am happy to say,” retorted Mrs Smellarat, “ that I am not one of your tattling, mischief-making persons ; but really, when one thinks a friendly hint may be of service to an amiable young man, it is not Christian-like to withhold it.”

“ You must pardon me for being so rude as to say I must go out now. Mr Ramey is walking down from Edinburgh to-day,

and as I promised to meet him half-way, I am afraid he will be uneasy, and think something the matter either with the children or myself, if I do not make my appearance."

"I beg I may not detain you—I was just going at any rate. My worthy friend Mr Ramey is happy in having such an affectionate wife—Do you take the children with you?"

"No; Robert has a bad cold, and little Maria is not able to go so far as I propose walking. Good morning."

"Good morning," returned Mrs Smellarat. "Affected airy gipsy!" she muttered to herself as she passed out at the gate—"meet with Mr Ramey! more likely gone to walk with Captain Splatter; yes, yes—I dare say little Maria would be rather in the way. This world has come to a strange pass;—but I may as well go and call for that poor silly fool Mrs Barton. By the by, I was there the day before yesterday, but I can say I wished to hear if little Tommy's

thumb could be saved—these children are always in mischief; but what better can be expected from them, when they are left to themselves days together, while their gossiping mother is sitting in every house but her own.”

The result of this visit will appear hereafter.

## CHAPTER XI.

The barber caught the story next,  
Who stuck no closer to the text ;  
But left a man half-shaved, and ran  
To tell it to the clergyman.

DR SYNTAX.

WARMLY attached to his sister, and anxious to make her residence in Scotland agreeable to her, Sir Pelham busied himself in collecting everything for which she had ever shown the slightest preference. He filled the drawing-room with the rarest and most beautiful plants, purchased for her an elegant little carriage drawn by two handsome ponies, hired the finest harp and piano-forte which could be procured, and placed in her dressing-room a spacious wardrobe. These arrangements were just finished when



he received a note informing him that his sister and friends had arrived at the Royal Hotel, and were all impatience to see him ; and in the course of a few hours Miss Talmash was installed in her new abode, making tea for Sir Pelham, amusing him with remarks on the many wonderful things she had seen on her journey down ; and quite ready to idolize the country and all that was in it, which had restored cheerfulness to the mind and vivacity to the looks of her brother.

Not the slightest resemblance could be traced between the brother and sister—His oval countenance, dark hair, olive complexion, and serious expression, formed a striking contrast to her laughing blue eyes, dimpled mouth, dazzling skin, and luxuriant fair hair.

Surrounded by affluence, guarded by affection, untouched by sorrow, (for both her parents had died before she could feel their loss,) life presented to her imagination an unbroken series of delights, and the Claude

Lorrain hue of her mind imparted to the future its own vivid and glowing tints. Yet there was no levity in her vivacity, which indeed was but the outpouring of a joyous spirit. The slightest word, nay, even a glance from her brother, was sufficient to check her in her most sportive moods. She seemed indeed like the soaring bird, which, prompted by gratitude and love, submissively obeys the faintest signal of the hand which succours and protects it.

Much to the chagrin of Sir Pelham, Catherine still continued at Duddingstone, but his sister was soon introduced in due form to the other members of the family. Mrs Lennox, delighted to have found a new lounging-place, and Ellinor, from motives we need not stop to explain, were lavish of their attentions to their new friend, who, grateful for their kindness, entered with great spirit into their pursuits, and spent almost her whole time in practising walking, or in excursions to those places in the neighbourhood which the ladies deemed

worthy of being visited. At length Catherine returned home, and Sir Pelham introduced his sister to her with a particularity which caused Miss Talmash to wonder and Catherine to blush ; and who, though pleased with the simplicity and ingenuousness of Miss Talmash's character, continued to maintain a quiet reserve of manner by no means agreeable to one of Amy's lively disposition.

“ Do you know, Pelham,” she said to him, one evening as they sat at the window looking at the waves chasing each other over the smooth sands,—“ do you know I like Miss Lennox far better than Miss Dundas.”

“ Your reasons, pray ?” replied Sir Pelham.

“ Oh, Miss Lennox is a thousand times more amusing, so good-humoured and merrry, always ready for a frolic. Now, Miss Dundas is so grave, though I must allow her smile is very sweet ; but she often sighs, even while she smiles,—and I don't like to hear people sigh.”

“ Miss Dundas may have many causes for grief with which we are not acquainted, and I think the kindness of your nature should rather lead you to soothe her unhappiness, than to fly from her because she is sorrowful.”

“ You are right ; I must not be so selfish as to shun her because her spirits do not keep pace with mine ; and she is so gentle and soft in her manner, that I am sure she is never cross and fretful. But I have another reason for preferring Miss Lennox to her. You must know that we sometimes talk about you, and I cannot always help boasting of you a little ; now, Miss Lennox is ever ready to join me, and never seems to tire of discussing your merits. We have talked over your mental and personal qualifications fifty times at least, and yet always return to the subject with pleasure. We have even condescended to notice your eyes and your hair,—nay, your very teeth have not escaped us. Now, what did Miss Dundas say last night when we were walk-

ing together, and I was running on as usual about you ? ‘ You cannot, my dear Miss Talmash, too highly appreciate such a brother. Sir Pelham is indeed a most estimable character ;’ and she then turned the conversation to the Fife hills, and the setting sun, sea-birds, and other uninteresting subjects. Now, considering I was your sister, I think she might have afforded you a little more praise.”

Sir Pelham smiled, but not wishing to injure the unsuspecting innocence of sixteen, he allowed her to believe the conduct of Ellinor as amiable as it appeared to be.

Although Sir Pelham and Willoughby had exchanged visits, no cordiality, and little intimacy, subsisted between them. Willoughby, dreading that Sir Pelham was, or would be, a favoured rival, regarded him with coldness and aversion ; and Sir Pelham, believing that Willoughby was on the point of openly disputing his pretensions, shunned his society, and could with difficulty prevail on himself to do justice to his

merits. There was no such obstacle, however, to prevent a renewal of his acquaintance and friendship with Spencer, whom he had formerly known; and although Spencer secretly envied him for being the object of Ellinor's preference, yet as he was forced to admit that it was equally unsought and undesired, the generosity of his disposition would not allow him to repel that friendship which was offered with so much warmth and cordiality.

One day, soon after the Talmashes were settled in their new habitation, the amiable Mrs Smellarat, on her way to market, encountered Jenny Soapysapples, the washer-woman, hurrying to the grocer's for a pound of soda.

"There's a fine drying day, Jenny," said the lady;—"you seem to be in a great hurry; have you got any new customers lately?"

"That I have," answered Jenny; "honest Mrs Bletherem got me recommended

to the new family that hae come to Mr Dozy's house."

"A family come to Dozy's house! I wonder I did not hear of this before. What kind of people do they seem to be? If there are any children, the good furniture will be perfectly destroyed."

"Oh, there are nae bairns; just a gentleman and his sister; and a feck o' braw claes they hae."

"What is their name?"

"Indeed it's a queer kind o' English name, that I canna get my tongue about. I ken it has a *mash* in't."

"What like are they?" was the lady's next question. .

"He is a tall black-a-vised gentleman, with a very high proud look, and unco quiet. The lasses say they maist never hear the sound o' his voice. Ye never would think that he and his sister were o' the same nest; for she has a skin like milk, and bonny fair hair; and she gangs liltin' through the house frae morning till e'en,

feeding her bit birds, or tending her flowers, and whiles playing on her spinet."

"So they are English, you say?"

"'Deed are they, and such a kind brother as he is I never saw in a' my born days. He just idoleezes her, and lets her want for naething that money can buy. Montgo-merie's folk are never aff the road, carrying down apples and pears, and grapes and confections, and jeelies, and gude kens a' what. But I maun rin, for I left Captain Splatter's nankeens in the boin; he's in an unco anger at no getting them home on Saturday night." And away went Jenny.

"Upon my word," muttered Mrs Smellarat to herself, "I have strong suspicions about this brother and sister's story—Very improbable that a brother would send three miles for fruit and confectionery for a sister; the more I think of it, the more I am convinced there is something wrong in the affair. I wonder if Miss Macdonald or Miss Jenny Nettles have heard of it. Oh, here they are; they have become very fond of



making market for themselves ; I suspect they go there to pick up any news that may be going. How do you do, Miss Macdonald ? Miss Nettles, you are really looking beautiful. It's well seen why Captain Splatter has changed his seat in the church ; it seems he could not see you from his old one. Jenny Soapysapples told me just this minute that he was in a dreadful rage at her for not sending home his nankeens on Saturday night !”

“ Indeed, Mrs Smellarat—” said Miss Nettles.

“ Well, well,” interrupted Mrs Smellarat, “ I shall say no more about it. I suppose we shall all hear of it in good time. It will be great news for Mrs Barton, who, poor silly body, has taken it into her head that you expect to step into her shoes. Some ill-natured person told her, it seems, that you said she looked very ill, and that you were sure she would never see another summer.”

“ Me step into her shoes !” retorted the

offended lady; "I wonder what I would get by that? A doited old man, and half a dozen ill-brought-up bairns to take care of. If she was dead the morn, I would never look the road Mr Barton was on."

"That's just what I told her," replied Mrs Smellarat. "'Indeed,' says I, 'Miss Jenny Nettles has too sharp an eye to her own interest ever to marry Mr Barton; besides,' says I, 'I'm pretty certain she's making up to a gentleman that will be a much better match; and though I think there's little chance of her succeeding, yet her mind being carried that way, will prevent her from watching every cough you give;' and so I got her pacified. But have any of you heard of the pretty clamjamphry old Dozy has got in his house?"

"No," answered Miss Macdonald; "I did not know he had got it let."

"If things are as I suspect," replied Mrs Smellarat, "it would have been better for him if it was empty at this day. It is certainly at the best a very mysterious affair."

“ Oh !” said Miss Macdonald, “ do let us turn up Rosefield lane, and tell us all about it.” And the lady graciously condescended to comply with this request.

“ Now, ladies,” said Mrs Smellarat, “ recollect that this is to go no farther, for I may be mistaken, though I must say I think the chance very small. You must know, then, that a lady and gentleman, giving themselves out to be *brother* and *sister*, have taken old Dozy’s house ; but it seems there are very strong suspicions that they stand in a very different relationship with each other ; and Jenny Soapysapples, who goes in to help the laundry maid, says that he worships the very ground she treads on, that he makes a most shameful fuss about her, and that he keeps two or three men employed running up to Edinburgh at all hours of the day for every kind of pastry and fruit. I suppose it was him who gave fifteen shillings the pint for the first strawberries that came in. I leave you, ladies, to judge whe-

ther these are very like the attentions of a brother."

"The thing is quite plain," replied Miss Macdonald. "No rational person can have any doubt on the subject. Really Mr Dozy ought to be more cautious; he can scarcely expect ever to let the house again, if this sad affair becomes known, which is more than likely, for these things do spunk out, nobody knows how."

"What strengthens the suspicion," rejoined Mrs Smellarat, "is, that there is not the least family resemblance between them; he is very dark, and she, it seems, is remarkably fair."

"I have seen them," exclaimed Miss Nettles; "I met them on the sands last night. He is tall, and as black as a Jew; and she had as much fair hair dangling over her nose as would have fitted out ten barbers' blocks. I was wondering who they were. I'm sure her gown could not be less than seven guineas; and he was carrying a mantle for her which would come to double

that sum, which shows that money is plenty. But these sort of gentry want for nothing."

"It must just have been them; but did you not see them go into Dozy's house?"

"No; I walked behind them for a while, and just as they turned up one of the streets, Mrs Bletherem joined me, and before I could get quit of her they had both disappeared; but I think there can be no doubt of their being Dozy's tenants."

"Really," said Mrs Smellarat, "I think I shall give him a friendly hint of the kind of people who have palmed themselves on him; it is ten to one if he ever gets a shilling of his rent. His tenants may very likely make a moonlight flitting, when they find it necessary to change their quarters."

"There's no chance of seeing Dozy at present, for he is laid up with a fit of rheumatism, and his sister will let nobody come near him."

"And," replied Miss Nettles, "folks say she is dreadfully afraid of his marrying. I

fancy she has no inclination to give up the keys to a sister-in-law."

"Well," answered Mrs Smellarat, "since that is the case, I think the next best thing will be to inform the Bartons, and as Mr Barton is very intimate with Dozy, he can mention to him how matters stand. But bless me, there are the two o'clock coaches going off, and I have a world of business to do before dinner. Good morning, ladies."

And in the course of twenty-four hours the whole villagers joined in lamenting the imprudence of Mr Dozy, who, it was carried *nem. con.*, would never see a farthing of his rent.

## CHAPTER XII.

I cannot, cannot change my tone ;  
My lute must breathe what is its own.  
It is my own heart that has taught  
My constancy of mournful thought.  
Tell me not of Spring's sunshine hour,  
I have but known its blight and shower.  
And blame me not that thus I dwell  
On love's despair, and hope's farewell.

L. E. L.

OUR readers are already aware that on the day in which Mrs Smellarat supposed she had discovered Miss Osborne received clandestine visits from Mr Russell, she had hurried to communicate the news to Mrs Barton ; who, without scruple, detailed the whole affair to Edward, and he, on learning that Mrs Smellarat was her authority, scouted the intelligence as utterly unworthy of the slightest credit. But when Mrs Ra-

mev also was mentioned as one who could testify as to the truth of the story, he no longer felt the same unconcern as when he thought it rested solely on the assertion of Mrs Smellarat. As, however, he knew that Charlotte would deeply resent his giving a moment's credence to any imputations against her, proceeding from such questionable authority as that of Mrs Smellarat, he resolved, before speaking to her, to ascertain whether Mrs Ramey (whom he knew to be an estimable woman,) could throw any light on the subject; but knowing that this lady was acquainted with his attachment to Charlotte, he was convinced it would be in vain for him to attempt to draw anything from her relative to the visitors of her neighbour. He therefore employed a friend to endeavour to extract the truth of the affair; and so dexterously did this gentleman conduct his inquiries, as to draw from Mrs Ramey a distinct account of all that had passed between herself and Mrs Smellarat, which put beyond a doubt



the fact that there was a young gentleman that day with Miss Osborne, and which circumstance she had endeavoured to conceal.

Stung with jealousy, Edward hastened to Charlotte, and abruptly asked her when she had last seen Mr Russell. Equally displeased with his words, and the tone in which they were conveyed, she replied haughtily, "Two months since, *sir*." Cut to the heart by a coldness which he considered a confirmation of her change of sentiment, he broke out into the most bitter reproaches, accused her of deceit and inconstancy ; and when she repelled these accusations with spirit and firmness, and positively denied having seen her cousin later than the period she stated, at this proof of what he considered her deep duplicity and falsehood, he lost all command of himself, and behaved with such frantic violence that Charlotte, in a transport of indignation, ordered him from her presence. Doubly irritated at her adopting the tone of the in-

jured person, he did not await a repetition of her command, and rushed from the house in a tempest of passion. If the conversation of the lovers had not terminated so abruptly, it is more than probable that Edward would have stated the circumstances on which he rested his accusations, when an *eclaircissement* would have taken place ; but as she heard from him only vehement reproaches, and assertions that she was about to discard him for a richer rival ; and she not having the least suspicion that her brother's visit was the origin of all the mischief,—believed that his frenzied conduct proceeded from a fit of unreasonable jealousy, and resented it accordingly.

Edward returned home in a miserable frame of mind, but, anxious to conceal his wretchedness from Mrs Barton, he affected the highest spirits, and listened to all the news of the day, the most prominent of which was that of the scrape old Dozy had got into, by letting his house to persons of such doubtful character. The youth, the

beauty of the lady, was commented on, her dress described, and the subject was dwelt on, till Edward, fatigued with her endless gossip, and unable longer to hide his unhappiness, hastily left her, and walked down to the sands to cool the fever which raged in every vein ; where we shall, for the present, leave him, till we inquire how the other personages in our story have been disposing of themselves.

Long had Sir Pelham watched for an opportunity of declaring to Catherine the attachment with which she had inspired him. Fortune at last favoured him, and on the day in which Charlotte and Edward parted in mutual anger, Sir Pelham encountered Catherine in a retired and shady part of the road leading from Duddingstone. Here, then, was offered to Catherine Dundas rank and fortune beyond her wishes, but offered in vain ; for their possessor had failed to touch her heart. This blow was deeply felt by Sir Pelham, who, in the ardour of his entreaties that she would leave

him some hope of making an interest in her affections, had just taken her hand, when a turn of the road brought Willoughby close upon them.

The earnestness of Sir Pelham, his attitude, and the deep confusion of Catherine as she snatched her hand from him, all convinced Willoughby of the certainty of his misfortune, and casting one glance on them, he fiercely struck his spurs into his horse's sides, and was out of sight in a moment.

There wanted but this to complete the unhappiness of Catherine. Believing that honour required it of her, she had concealed her affection for Willoughby under an appearance of coldness and reserve, but she could not endure that he should think she preferred another.

Shocked and distressed at this scene, and anxious to terminate the entreaties of Sir Pelham, Catherine summoned all her firmness, and again rejected his suit, and in a manner so decided, as at once to deprive him of every hope that his devoted attach-

ment might prevail with her to alter her determination. Sir Pelham then, in a broken voice, thanked her for her candour, expressed the most ardent wishes for her future happiness, passionately kissed her hand, and left her.

When Catherine reached Hope Street, the excessive paleness and agitation of her countenance instantly attracted the attention of Lady Lennox, who, alarmed by her evident disorder, entreated her to go to bed, and that she would send off without delay for medical advice ; but aware that it was the mind only which was suffering, Catherine persuaded her to relinquish the latter proposal, and insisting that rest and quietness was all she required, promised to go to bed for a few hours. Somewhat relieved by the assurance that her indisposition was trifling, her ladyship kindly attended her to her apartment, and after seeing her in bed, she drew the curtains, closed the shutters, and left poor Catherine to enjoy undisturbed all the luxury of grief.

In an agony of distress, Sir Pelham wandered for hours on the banks of the loch. He felt that Catherine never would be his ; and as he recalled every expression which she had used in rejecting his suit, her eagerness and anxiety to take from him all hope of ever gaining her heart, the painful suspicion crossed his mind that she loved another. Who then was his happy rival ? Certainly not Spencer, whose attachment to Ellinor he had long known. Could it be Willoughby ? He could not believe this possible, as he had seen Catherine's desire to avoid him. In this perplexity, his suspicions fell on the handsome stranger, whom Ellinor evidently knew, but had not acknowledged ; and regarding whom she had dropt some hints, connecting him with Catherine ; and Sir Pelham, having succeeded in persuading himself that he had a favoured rival, became every instant more irritable and gloomy.

After a long interval, during which he gave himself up to grief and despair, he

suddenly recollected the uneasiness his sister would be suffering in consequence of his unusual absence. He therefore hastened home, and found from the domestics, that Amy, alarmed at his non-appearance, had gone to seek him on the sands. Sir Pelham quickly followed her, and had just reached the beach, when he beheld a sight which shook his whole frame with ungovernable passion. This was his supposed rival walking by the side of his sister, who appeared to be endeavouring to get away from him, when he suddenly threw his arm round her to detain her, and attempted to raise her veil.

“Oh, Pelham, where are you, Pelham?” exclaimed Amy, in an agony of terror and distress.

“Here!” replied Sir Pelham, and, rushing on the insulter of his sister, with one blow laid him prostrate, threw him his card, and then led Amy home, where a passionate burst of tears came to her relief.

As Amy had not seen Sir Pelham give

his card, he had little difficulty in persuading her that the occurrences of the day would be unattended by any disagreeable consequences—the person who offered her this insult, he stated, could not be a gentleman, and therefore not entitled to demand satisfaction for the chastisement which he had so justly merited; but although Sir Pelham succeeded in deceiving his sister, he himself had no expectation that the affair was terminated, and in this conjecture he was unhappily but too correct.

We have already related that Edward Gordon, while suffering under the most violent irritation, in consequence of his quarrel with Charlotte, had gone down to walk on the sands, where unfortunately he met Amy traversing the beach in the hope of meeting her brother. In this elegant young creature, who appeared evidently to be looking for some one, Edward, who had heard her accurately described, quickly recognized the subject of Mrs Barton's tale of scandal. Completely misled as to her real situation.



miserable and reckless, he joined her, and tried to engage her in conversation ; and, having heard much of her beauty, attempted to satisfy his curiosity by raising her veil. It was at this moment that Sir Pelham appeared, and the sequel has been already stated.

Burning with indignation, Edward hurried in search of a young midshipman with whom he was intimately acquainted, and who was now in the village on a visit to a friend. To him he related the particulars of what had just passed, and the result of their conference was a challenge from Edward to Sir Pelham, and which was conveyed to the latter by Mr Treby, who having proved to Sir Pelham that the rank of Edward entitled him to demand satisfaction, the challenge was accepted ; and it was agreed that the seconds should meet next day to arrange further proceedings.

It was with feelings of the most acute anguish that Sir Pelham again joined his sister, on whom he gazed with intense af-

lection ; and his heart smote him as he reflected on the desolate and unprotected state in which his death would leave her. Unable to endure her presence, and those marks of love which she lavished on him. he quitted her, and was on the point of proceeding to the Barracks, to confide to Spencer his present situation, and to request him to act as his second, when he recollected that Spencer, Sefton, and Charles Lennox, had gone to pay a visit a considerable distance in the country, and were not expected to return till late at night.

But Sir Pelham had little time left for the indulgence of his feelings, as, in the course of a few hours, he was again waited on by Mr Treby, who, informing him that Mr Gordon had received by the afternoon's post a letter, ordering him instantly to join his ship, in consequence of which he would be under the necessity of setting off early next morning, requested that the meeting with Sir Pelham should take place that night, and at half past ten o'clock, as the

moon would then be up. To this Sir Pelham having signified his acquiescence, Mr Treby once more took his leave.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Friend after friend departs ;  
Who hath not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts,  
That finds not here an end.  
Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying, none were blest.

MONTGOMERY.

A FEW brief hours were now all perhaps that remained to him of life ; Sir Pelham therefore felt the necessity of instant exertion. No longer jealous of Willoughby, whom he now believed to be, like himself, rejected by Catherine, he did ample justice to his merit, and in this crisis of his fate, he turned to him with the feelings of a friend, and wrote to him, requesting to see him instantly. To his chagrin, his conti-

dential servant returned, with intelligence that Major Willoughby had left the Barracks some time during the forenoon, and had not since been seen.

The servant was again dispatched with a note to Ashley, containing the same request ; and during his absence, Sir Pelham shut himself up in his dressing-room, where he continued writing till the arrival of Ashley, who was much shocked on finding what was the occasion of the hasty summons he had received.

The appointed time was drawing near, but Ashley, determined to make an effort for an accommodation, and repairing instantly to Mr Treby, entered at once on the subject ; but Treby, young, rash, and impetuous, would scarcely listen to him. He said a British officer had received a blow, and for that insult there was but one atonement ; and when Ashley stated that Mr Gordon was the aggressor, and ought to apologise for having insulted a lady, the wrath of Treby (who also participated in

Edward's error respecting Amy,) rose still higher, and he adopted a tone which caused Ashley abruptly to close the conference, and return to Sir Pelham. A short time completed the necessary preparations; and the gentlemen, afraid of alarming Amy, (who believed Sir Pelham to be spending the evening with the Lennoxes,) prepared cautiously to leave the house. As they passed the door of the drawing-room, the steps of Sir Pelham were arrested by the voice of his sister, who was singing his favourite song; and as he thought of the wild shrieks which might soon burst from those lips, which now uttered only sounds of joy, his heart sunk within him, a cold dew stood on his brow, and he covered his face with his hands.

A few moments, however, restored his self-possession, and beckoning Ashley to follow him, they descended the stair, and softly issued from the house.

Sir Pelham and Ashley had but just reached the appointed place, when Edward and Treby appeared, and the ground having

been measured, and all the necessary preliminaries arranged, the combatants took their places. The first fire fell to Edward, who took his aim and fired, but his antagonist stirred not. He then prepared to receive Sir Pelham's fire, who, with a steady hand, took deliberate aim, then slowly drawing his pistol across his breast, and exclaiming, "The last act of my life shall not be one of revenge!" he threw the pistol from him and sunk on the ground. In another moment, Edward, Treby, and Ashley, were by his side; Ashley knelt down and raised him in his arms.

"He is wounded!" exclaimed he.

"To death," answered Sir Pelham, in a faint voice; then beckoning to Edward to come close to him, he faltered out, "I forgive—Tell Lord Granton," he added, turning to Ashley, "I enjoin him not to revenge my death." He looked again at Edward, "Say to Catherine that I pardoned you for her sake."

"Edward knelt beside him, and wrung

his hand. "Of whom does he speak?" said he to Ashley, "who is Catherine?"

"He speaks of Miss Dundas, in whose affections you have rivalled him."

"As heaven is my judge," replied Edward with vehemence, "I know her not!"

"Say it again!" exclaimed Sir Pelham eagerly, raising himself up; "yet what is it now to me!" and he again sunk into Ashley's arms.

"He bleeds to death!" exclaimed Ashley; "Fly for assistance!" and Treby hastened to the village.

"It is too late," said Sir Pelham, "I am dying."

He took a ring from his finger and gave it to Ashley, "To Catherine—tell her the conviction that she will soothe the despair of my unhappy sister, imparted consolation in my expiring moments;—and oh, say to my dearest Amy, that my last thoughts were of her—that the agonies I suffered at the recollection of leaving her alone, tortu



red her brother more than the pangs of death."

Several horsemen were now seen approaching at a rapid pace.

"Fly!" exclaimed Sir Pelham to Edward.

"I will not, by heavens! Oh, say again that you forgive me—I knew not that she was your sister—I rashly believed a slanderous tale."

Sir Pelham pressed his hand. The horsemen advanced, and supposing some accident had happened, alighted; but what was their consternation at seeing Sir Pelham in the agonies of death.

"Sefton—Spencer—this is an unlooked-for blessing—Lennox too—Farewell my friends—Spencer, my sister to your care."

The damps of death stood on his brow; Spencer bent over him, and in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion, he said, "So may Heaven prosper me, as I perform your behest."

4 Sir Pelham pressed his hand, smiled faintly, and glancing around to take a last

look of a world he was so soon to leave, his eyes were rivetted on a female figure rushing towards him with frantic speed. He covered his face with his hands, and cried out, " Hide me, oh ! hide me from her grief !" But he was not spared this last pang. A rumour of the catastrophe had reached Amy, who, breaking from her attendants, rushed to the beach, and who now with wild cries threw herself on the neck of her brother, and her fair hair flowing disordered, was stained with his life-blood. Sir Pelham clasped her in his arms, kissed again and again that lovely face, now convulsed with agony ; but the shades of death were fast stealing over him—and he breathed his last sigh on her bosom.

At this consummation of her calamity, she uttered a cry so full of woe, it pierced the listeners with the deepest grief ; but happily for the poor mourner, she found in insensibility a temporary relief from her anguish, and in this state was conveyed by Sefton and Spencer to her home.

The miserable author of all this suffering remained rooted to the spot; nor could the representations of Ashley and Charles induce him to provide for his safety. In defiance of their entreaties, he stood gazing on the body, till his friend, arriving with medical assistance for Sir Pelham, which could not now avail, forced him into the carriage, and they were driven rapidly away.

And here our narrative takes leave of Edward Gordon. It boots not that in the glorious struggle in which it was his fortune subsequently to be engaged, reckless of life he performed many brave deeds—and that he still lives, occupying, as the reward of great personal daring, a high station in the service of his country, for—henceforth Edward Gordon became an altered man. The sad events of this memorable evening threw a dark shade over the mind of the gay young sailor—but they have thrown a darker hue over our otherwise light-hearted pages, and we part with him without regret.

## CHAPTER XIV.

O cease to weep ! this storm will yet decay,  
And the sad clouds of sorrow melt away.  
While through the rugged path of life we go,  
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.

FALCONER.

As soon as Amy was conveyed home, Spencer flew to Hope Street to impart the terrible catastrophe, and entreat assistance for Amy. The disastrous intelligence had, however, reached them just before his arrival, when he found Ellinor on the sofa, in violent hysterics; Lady Lennox in the greatest perturbation, and Sir Thomas on the point of setting out to inquire if he could be of any service to the unhappy young creature, thus suddenly bereaved.

The unusual commotion in the house had attracted the attention of Catherine, who, fearing she knew not what, hastily resumed

her dress, and hurried down stairs. On reaching the drawing-room, the situation of Ellinor, and the countenance of Spencer, arrested her steps; she clung to the door for support, and faintly articulated, "What has happened?" Spencer advanced to her—he tried in vain to speak—his lip quivered, and he hastily turned his head aside.

"For the love of heaven, speak to me, Spencer!"

Spencer did speak, and Catherine fell insensible into his arms. The violence of Ellinor's emotions having exhausted themselves, she became more composed, and assisted in applying the usual remedies, in consequence of which Catherine was soon restored to consciousness. She was not of a character selfishly to indulge in grief; her first words, therefore, were a demand to be taken instantly to Amy. This was opposed by Lady Lennox, on account of her indisposition in the morning; and her ladyship insisted on going herself. But Catherine would not be denied, and Ellinor, offering

to share her fatigue, they both, accompanied by Spencer, proceeded to the house of mourning.

There they found Amy stretched on a couch, her head supported by Sefton, while her faithful waiting-woman, who had been the nurse of her childhood, stood over her, weeping and wringing her hands. Charles, who had seized the time of Amy's insensibility to get the body conveyed into the house, having now completed his melancholy task, joined them, accompanied by the medical gentleman who had been summoned to Sir Pelham. By his directions, Amy was carried to bed, and he hastened to apply restoratives, but for a long period they were totally without effect.

Dreadfully shocked at the awful event which had just taken place, Ellinor, unaccustomed to control her emotions, gave way to such passionate bursts of grief, as not only incapacitated her from being of use, but distracted the attention of Catherine, and opened a new source of anxiety, which

Charles perceiving, he endeavoured to prevail on Ellinor to return to Hope Street; and Catherine, joining her entreaties to his, she at length consented.

Sefton, who saw how unfit Catherine was to encounter alone the scene, which would inevitably await her when Amy was restored to a recollection of her loss, proposed that they should take advantage of her present state to convey her to Duddingstone; by which means she would be spared many demands which must otherwise be made on her fortitude; and Charles, having given his entire approval of the measure, Spencer and Dr Maitland were called to the conference. Spencer readily consented to the proposal, and it having received the concurrence of Dr Maitland, a carriage was quickly obtained, in which Amy was placed; Catherine and the Doctor followed, and Sefton rode on before to apprise his wife of the melancholy occurrence, and prepare her to receive her guests; while Charles and Ashley remained with Spencer. With the deepest

sympathy did Mrs Sefton gaze on the heart-struck Amy, as she was borne along the hall ; with difficulty she dispersed the tears which rushed to her eyes as she contemplated her lifeless countenance ; but stifling her feelings, she hastened to receive her, and in a few moments Amy was placed in bed, and every means resorted to for the purpose of restoring animation.

As the doctor was extremely apprehensive of the consequences of this sudden shock, he agreed to remain all night ; and with benevolent interest watched the symptoms of animation which now appeared ; but his hopes of amendment were soon dispelled, and for many hours every partial return to consciousness was quickly followed by insensibility. In this manner did this terrible night pass away ; but about day-break, perceiving that she slept, he declared his hope that the worst was passed, and begged the most profound silence might be preserved.

Her repose, however, was of short dura-



tion ; she moaned heavily, and then awoke with a sudden start, and looked wildly round. In another moment, the horrors of the past scene rushed on her mind, and she gave way to the most dreadful paroxysms of grief and despair. Who shall venture to describe the agonies suffered by a youthful heart on the first touch of affliction ? Who shall dare to count its agonizing throbs, or presume to fathom the depths of woe ? Words cannot express the cry of anguish—language in vain attempts to echo the sound of despairing accents.

Catherine did not speak of comfort and consolation, but she pressed the poor sufferer in her arms, and shed over her tears of mingled sympathy and grief. Amy's anxious attendants hoped that when the first burst of sorrow was past, she would become more composed ; but these expectations proved fallacious. The image of her brother, covered with blood, and expiring in her arms, was constantly before her. Sleep totally forsook her ; she refused all suste-

nance ; violent fever came on, and at the close of the third day her life was pronounced to be in imminent danger.

While Spencer, assisted by Charles, was engaged in the melancholy duties which so unexpectedly he had been called on to perform, Sir Pelham's valet brought him three letters, which he had found on Sir Pelham's dressing-table. Of these, one was addressed to Amy, one to Catherine, the third was to Spencer, who hastily broke the seal. It contained only a few hurried lines, entreating him to fill a brother's place to Amy, till she was restored to her friends in England ; and expressing his wish to be interred in Scotland, should it be his fate to fall in the approaching encounter, and concluded with affecting wishes for his happiness.

Spencer was deeply moved on reading this billet, but he had no leisure for the indulgence of his feelings. His first occupation was to write Lord Granton of the sad catastrophe, and to acquaint him with the wishes of the deceased ; and inform him

that he had fixed the day of the funeral at such interval as would allow his lordship to arrive in time to see the last duties performed ; and knowing the anxiety he and Lady Granton would necessarily feel regarding Amy, he assured them she was surrounded by attached friends, who spared no effort to support and console her under this trying dispensation.

Every instant that Spencer could spare from his painful occupations, was passed in making personal inquiries for Amy ; and his concern was excessive on learning the danger of her situation. With the approbation of Dr Maitland, he immediately called in the assistance of two eminent physicians from Edinburgh, but they gave little consolation, and conceived it their duty to prepare her friends for the worst. There remained, however, a ray of hope that her youth might yet save her, and to that hope did her friends anxiously cling.

No one was more keenly shocked by the death of Sir Pelham than Willoughby, who

so lately fled from him on witnessing the scene of what he believed to be successful love. They never met again until Willoughby, summoned by Spencer to assist him in his task, bent over his lifeless form, and gazed on his pallid countenance; and as he looked on the wreck of all that was noble and admired, how gladly would he have recalled him to life, even if the loss of Catherine had been the costly sacrifice.

## CHAPTER XV.

It was thy spirit, Brother, which had made  
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,  
Since first in childhood, 'midst the vines ye play'd,  
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky :  
Ye were but two!—And when that spirit pass'd,  
Woe for the one—the last.

MRS HEMANS.

THUS passed a week away, and the day of the funeral having arrived, and nothing heard of Lord Granton, Spencer was just leaving the Barracks, where, as Sir Pelham was to be interred with military honours, he had been to complete some arrangements, when a letter from Lady Granton was put into his hand. After detailing the grief and consternation his intelligence had imparted, her ladyship went on to say, that Lord Granton had been so affected by the

loss of his nephew, to whom he was much attached, that a very severe illness was the consequence; and finding it impossible to travel down to Scotland, he had deputed her to beg that Captain Spencer would, in every particular, supply his place on the approaching melancholy occasion; and having stated that she had written also to Mrs Sefton, expressing their gratitude for her tender care of Amy, and informing her that she and Lord Granton would come down for her as soon as his lordship was sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, her ladyship concluded by offering her own and Lord Granton's warmest thanks to Captain Spencer, which they would take the earliest opportunity of repeating in person.

Having given a hurried perusal to this letter, Spencer returned to P——, and was soon followed by the whole regiment, commanded by Willoughby, on whom, as the senior officer now with it, this duty devolved. In a short time after, the spectators, who lined the road, descried the an-

proach of the melancholy procession ; and the roll of the muffled drum, mingled with faint sounds of solemn music, came wafted on the breeze.

Never, perhaps, was there a scene less in unison with the gloomy pageant. The fields still glowed in all the richness of summer, while the lovely woods of Duddingstone were beginning to assume the variegated hues of autumn. A myriad of fishing barks glancing over the blue waves of the Frith, reflected from their whitened sails the rays of a brilliant sun ; and the sea broke on the beach with a soft and murmuring noise.

But all these sights and sounds of beauty were tame and uninteresting when compared with the awful spectacle of man carried to his long home. The multitude gazed with intensity on the affecting sight, as the troops advanced, and gave to view the coffin surmounted by the helmet and sabre — now useless all ! Close behind the coffin, and led by soldiers, appeared the masterless

charger, which seemed to participate in the general grief, forcibly recalling the beautiful images presented by Virgil in these lines :

*Post bellator equus, positus insignibus, Æthon ;  
It lachrymans, guttisque humectat grandibus ora.*

The dejected appearance of Spencer attracted the notice and sympathy of the spectators ; who, from his occupying the place of chief mourner, imagined him to be the brother of the deceased. Although without the tie, Spencer had all the feelings which usually belong to that relation ; and as every new turn of the road brought to his recollection some incident connected with him whom they were now bearing to his last resting-place, his depression increased more and more, so that by the time he arrived at the entrance of the burying-ground, he could with difficulty support himself.

The situation of the burying-ground gave additional effect to the impressiveness of the scene. Above it rose the Calton Hill,



“ shorn of its beams,” but lovely even in decay ; far stretching to the west was seen a succession of splendid edifices, while the ancient and picturesque part of the city was terminated by the bold rock and castellated fortress ; and looking to the south and east, the eye fell on the cemetery and palace of the Kings of Scotland ; beyond which the Salisbury Crags and the magnificent Arthur’s Seat, towered in the distance.

At the gate of the church-yard the troops were met by the clergyman, who immediately began to read, with a solemn and impressive voice, the sublime service of the church ; and the soldiers opening to right and left, the coffin was carried through their ranks, and borne onwards to the grave. Here the troops formed in line, and resting on their reversed arms, stood motionless till the completion of the awful ceremony, which hid for ever from their view this favourite of fortune and of nature, hurried thus early to a premature tomb. A squadron then advanced, formed on each side of the grave,

and fired over it three volleys, while between every volley a salute of trumpets awakened the surrounding echoes, and with their shrill and piercing sound stirred the hearts of the listeners. But now the church-yard teemed with helmet, sabre, glancing arms, and military array ;—a brief space passed, and the bright sunbeams slept on the silent and lonely tombs ; motion or sound there was none, save that of the long rank grass, which waved and rustled as the summer breeze swept by.

On the day in which the remains of Sir Pelham were committed to the grave, the situation of Amy was such as to cause great apprehension that she would soon be laid by his side. Catherine, who had been deeply affected by the letter addressed to her by Sir Pelham, in which he had implored her to console his sister, now hung over her with unceasing care, and watched her every breath. The physicians had announced that the crisis was arrived, and that a few hours would, in all probability, determine her fate. Having

persuaded Mrs Sefton to retire, and endeavour to obtain some repose, Catherine continued her lonely vigil. The day was oppressively warm, and by desire of the physicians the curtains of the bed were undrawn, and the windows of the apartment opened to admit the refreshing breeze, which at times stirred the rich tresses which shaded the brow of the invalid. Pale almost as the alabaster form which lay stretched before her, Catherine sat and gazed till tears dimmed her sight, and fell on the burning hand she held in hers.

At this moment the sound of the firing burst on her ear ; then came the pealing trumpet, and Catherine knew that the grave had now closed over that heart where her image had been enshrined. Overcome with horror and affright, lest Amy should hear and comprehend the meaning of these fearful sounds, she attempted to cross the apartment to close the sash, but in vain ; and half fainting, she sunk down by the bed, and buried her face in her hands. A horrid

stillness succeeded, broken only by the chirping of the birds, as they flitted past the open casement; and Catherine, almost in a state of insensibility, remained kneeling and unconscious of the lapse of time, till a soft hand was laid on hers, and a gentle voice faintly articulated, "Who is this? Is it you, dearest Catherine?" And Catherine, raising her head, saw Amy looking affectionately on her. In silent transport, Catherine pressed her in her arms, kissed again and again her wan cheek; then closing the curtains, she resigned her place to Mrs Setton, who at this moment entered, and hurried to her apartment, there to give free vent to the mingled feelings which filled her heart.

From this day Amy continued gradually to recover, and as her frame strengthened, the tone of her mind also became more firm. She no longer gave way to paroxysms of despair, but lamented her loss with a more gentle grief, which found frequent relief in tears. From her brother's letter she had

learned how dear Catherine had been to him, and from that moment she almost worshipped her; and although she was aware that she had rejected his suit, she pleased her fancy with the belief that he must eventually have succeeded in gaining her affection, and Amy found a sweet consolation in loving what he had loved, and in obeying all the wishes of her she called her dear sister Catherine.

Mrs Sefton had written to Lady Granton of the dangerous situation of Amy, and heard in reply that nothing but the serious illness of Lord Granton prevented her from hastening to Scotland, which she would do the instant his lordship's medical attendants pronounced him out of danger, which was not at that time the case. On the convalescence of Amy, Mrs Sefton communicated the happy intelligence, and proposed that her ladyship should postpone her journey until Amy was sufficiently recovered to accompany her back, which would certainly not be the case for a considerable time, adding

an assurance that every care would be taken of the invalid ; and to this proposal Mrs Sefton received a grateful assent. . So soon as Amy's health was in some degree re-established, Ellinor was admitted to see her ; but her stormy and violent grief evidently distressed Amy, who valued much more the soft tears which fell from Catherine's eyes, than all the turbulent emotion of her cousin.

There was yet another trial to which Amy's fortitude was to be subjected, and that was a meeting with Spencer, for whose unwearied kindness and brotherly care she felt the liveliest gratitude.

Impatient to pour forth her thanks, and longing ardently to hear from his lips the last words of her adored brother, she begged so earnestly for permission to see him, that Mrs Sefton, believing it would be less injurious to comply with her request than to refuse it, at length consented to indulge her the succeeding day.

At the appointed hour of interview, Mrs

Sefton and Catherine supported Amy to the adjoining dressing-room, placed her carefully on a couch, and tried, by engaging her in conversation, to make her forget the approaching meeting; but Amy's thoughts had taken too dark a hue to be dispelled even by their efforts; and as soon as her ear caught the sound of Spencer's tread; and she heard him address to Sefton the kindest inquiries respecting herself, a mortal paleness overspread her countenance, on which Mrs Sefton desired Catherine to hasten and forbid Spencer to appear before her. "No, no!" exclaimed Amy, "I am better—the faintness has passed away—indulge me, my best friend;" and Mrs Sefton, unable to deny her, retired with Catherine, and the next moment saw Spencer seated by Amy's couch, her hands fast locked in his; and her pale cheek, bathed in tears, bent down and resting on his arm.

We shall not pause to detail the conversation which passed at this affecting interview; suffice it to say, that Spencer, his

countenance bearing traces of deep emotion, joined the family only for a moment, then hastily took leave, to which, respecting his feelings, they offered no opposition.

Mrs Sefton and Catherine now hastened to Amy, whom they found much agitated, but she relieved their fears by assuring them that she would not suffer from their indulgence to her wishes. Amy then retired to bed, desired the curtains to be drawn and the shutters closed, and begging to be left alone for a few hours, her kind friends withdrew.

From this period Amy gradually recovered; but it was not till the woods were assuming a browner shade, and the reapers were joyously cutting down the yellow harvest, that she was permitted to visit Catherine's favourite lime walk, where, seated beneath the sheltering and luxuriant boughs, she inhaled the pure breeze and listened to the murmuring stream and the songs of the innumerable birds which flitted past on rapid wing. As her strength increased, her



rambles became more extended ; and leaning on the arm of Spencer, she wandered on the banks of the loch, or, seated in some sheltered nook, she would watch the merry gambols of the village children, who, rejoicing in their escape from school, chased each other with noisy glee through the new-mown fields.

But although Amy's health was now restored, her gaiety seemed gone for ever.— Her voice had lost its tone of cheerfulness, her step its elasticity, and her fair brow was clouded with sadness ; and in common with all those who writhe under a first affliction, she believed that her present feelings would be eternal, and that she would never smile again.

Mrs Sefton and Catherine did not attempt to combat these sentiments, but they and Spencer were indefatigable in their endeavours to amuse her mind, and prevent her from dwelling on the past, and they truly rejoiced when they found they could sometimes surprise her into a momentary

cheerfulness. In pursuance of their benevolent exertions, Mrs Sefton affected a great desire to make excursions to the surrounding scenery; and as she declared against leaving Amy alone, she, too grateful for Mrs Sefton's sisterly kindness to refuse compliance with her wishes, was easily prevailed on to accompany her friends. Amy's first essay was in Mrs Sefton's carriage, but this, at Mrs Sefton's request, who insisted that a freer exposure to the autumn winds would brace her languid frame, was soon exchanged for the curriele of Spencer, who seldom allowed a day to pass without seeing his youthful charge, and who watched with friendly interest the first faint blush of health revisiting her pale cheek.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*Post-horn blows—Enter CASIMERE in a travelling-dress, a light-blue great-coat with large metal buttons—his hair in a long queue, but twisted at the end ; a large Kevenhuller hat ; a cane in his hand.*

*Casimere.* Well, landlady, what company are we to have ?

*Landlady.* Only two gentlewomen, sir.

*The Anti-Jacobin.*

THE awful event which had occurred, threw a damp over the whole village of P—— ; and Mrs Smellarat, partly from remorse, partly from shame, kept her bed for three days. Young ladies and gentlemen walked in Rosefield Lane unmarked—new pelisses rustled in church, bonnets and feathers rustled and waved in the breeze, and no one ventured to count the cost. Old

settlers left the village, new ones came, tickets disappeared from innumerable houses, and no one dared to inquire who had come to occupy them. The Busy-Bodies, with compressed lips, hurried past each other, confining their salutations to a Lord-Burleigh shake of the head—servants, milkwomen, bakers' boys ceased to be questioned on the private affairs of the families which they served—feasts of lanterns, vulgarly called tea-parties, were abolished; and scandal seemed banished from the village.

This happy state of things could not continue long—the snake was scotched, not killed; at the end of a week the gloom had disappeared, groups were again seen busily discussing the imperfections of their neighbours; and at the expiration of a fortnight, the torrent of gossip flowed on, making shipwreck in its course of many a fair and honoured name.

“This is a fine growing day,” said Miss Macdonald to her friend Mrs Barton, as she seated herself in the coach; “we are

really getting pleasant weather now—the coaches are convenient things; the proprietors maun be making morts of money—I never go into them that they are not cram-full. How is Mr Barton keeping? This is good weather for his rheumatics—has he tried the warm bath yet?”

“Indeed has he,” replied Mrs Barton: “he was unco cumstary about it at first, and it cost an hour’s argle-bargling with him before I could get him persuaded to wet his skin; but I made my point good, and in I got him, and he may thank me for it now, for his rheumatics are demeenishing ever since; but he maun hae patience, which is thing no mony men are gifted with.”

“Drive a little faster,” exclaimed an old gentleman, popping his head out of the window; “if you go at this snail’s pace, we won’t reach Edinburgh these three hours.”

“Yes, sir,” said the coachman, giving the horses a lash.

“It would be much better,” continued their companion, addressing the ladies, “if

the people would come to the coach, in place of driving us up and down the village in this ridiculous manner. It is most inconvenient, particularly to men who have business to transact. But where the devil is the fellow driving to now?" exclaimed he, as the coach whirled down a street. "Ah," he continued, on seeing two ladies issue from the house, "stopping to take up some more of these infernal women! If we go on at this rate, we won't reach town to-day, and I have an appointment at twelve o'clock."

At this condemnation, *in toto*, of the whole female race, his two companions sat so lost in amazement, that it was some time before the coachman could get them to understand that it was necessary they should make room for the admission of the ladies, the prospect of whose company had so totally demolished the equanimity of the old gentleman, who, either to atone for the hastiness of his temper by appearing to make room for them, or to give vent to his spleen,

gave the tails of his coat such a tug from under Miss Macdonald, as in the neatest manner possible brought that lady's nose in friendly contact with one of the ladies who had that moment entered.

"I beg your pardon," said both in a breath.

"It was not my fault," said Miss Macdonald, as soon as she recovered from her surprise, "it was all owing to that gentleman's being so very rude as to pull the tails of his coat from under me, and without even giving me warning, too; which I must say was no very gentlemanly trick."

"No very gentlemanly trick!" exclaimed the aggressor in a rage, "no very gentlemanly trick!—pray, madam, what do you mean by such language? I suppose, madam, my coat is my own; and, my faith, you had a pretty long seat upon it. If I had known what I was to get for my civility, I would have pulled it from below you long before this. No gentlemanly trick, indeed!

I wish you may know what gentlemanly tricks are."

"I wish to Heaven you had pulled it out," replied Miss Macdonald; "I could not think what hard, crumpled-up thing I was sitting on."

"You may well say it is crumpled up," retorted her antagonist, displaying his garment; "I wonder who the devil crumpled it. And how do you suppose that I am to walk through Prince's Street with this run-kled rag behind me?"

"I can easily give you a remedy for the runkles," said the pacific Mrs Barton; "take a hot poker, and draw your coat-tails slightly over it, and I will answer for it, there will be no runkle to be seen in them. I often do that to the tails of Mr Barton's coats."

The old gentleman, who could willingly have taken a red-hot poker to the whole company, did not deign a reply; and the rest of the journey was completed in solemn silence.



“ Call a coach,” exclaimed the old gentleman when they stopped at the office.

“ Yes, sir,” said a porter, who imagined this order was given to him, when, in fact, it was intended for the driver, who had already obeyed it ; in consequence of which, two coaches drove up at the same moment.

“ This is your coach, sir,” said the driver, as the one he had called approached.

“ The gentleman ordered me to call a coach,” said the porter, as he approached with another.

“ Step in here,” said the first coachman.

“ No, sir ; in here,” said the second.

“ I don’t want two coaches,” roared the old gentleman.

“ I’ll swear,” screamed one, “ you bid me call a coach, and you shall pay for it.”

“ Either pay our hire, or take our coaches,” roared the enraged sons of the whip.

“ My payment,” resounded from one side ;

“ My coach,” from another.

“ A squabble ! a squabble !” bawled a num-

ber of school-boys, whom the noise had collected together.

“That’s a queer one!” said a dandy, stopping to see the end of the affray.

“Drive off your dirty hacks,” exclaimed a powdered puppy, from the dicky of a handsome travelling carriage, “and make room for your betters to pass.”

“Drive to the devil!” cried the old gentleman, rushing into the first coach that came in his way, “and let me get out of this din and riot.” And leaving the porter and coachman to look for their money where they could find it, he drove to his agent’s.

But who can picture his dismay, when, on reaching Mr Blowthecoal’s, and ordering the coachman to carry his portmanteau into the house, the latter declared he had never seen it. “What is to be done?” he exclaimed, almost frantic with passion; “I ought not to have lost sight of it—it is all owing to these confounded coachmen. I could swear I saw one of the fellows lift it just as I was stepping in. If there is law,

or justice in Scotland, I'll have them hung for it—they have stolen my property!"

The noise of this dispute soon reached Mr Blowthecoal, and drew him to the spot.

"I'm glad you have come," he exclaimed, on seeing the old gentleman; "I almost despaired of you, 'tis so long after the hour you appointed. But had we not better go into the house?" he continued, on observing they were attracting considerable observation; "I suppose you have brought your papers with you. I shall step in and send one of the young men out for them."

"My papers are lost!" exclaimed his client in despair; "I know I had them when I arrived in town; but where they are now, the devil only knows. I suppose some of these wretches have stolen them, but they shall not be lost papers to me."

"Do pray step into the house," replied his friend, on observing that his vehemence was beginning to collect a crowd about them, "till I inquire into this matter; but there is another carriage driving up; have you any

one with you ? I expected no one but yourself."

" That is my portmanteau," he exclaimed, as the carriage stopped, " give it me this moment."

" We shan't part with it," said the porter and coachman in a breath, " till we are paid for bringing it here."

" Upon my word," said Mr Blowthecoal, " one would think our cause already gained by your driving in such style—a coach for yourself and another for your portmanteau is a little too much ; but here, Inkhorn," said he, calling to his clerk, " settle with these fellows, and bring that portmanteau into my private room." And the man of law and his client disappeared from the view of the diverted populace.

## CHAPTER XVII.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,  
A fine puss gentleman that's all perfume ;  
The sight's enough—no need to smell a beau.  
Who thrusts his nose into a rareeshow.  
His odoriferous attempts to please,  
Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees.

COWPER.

THE news of this whimsical adventure spread like wild-fire among the Busy-Bodies, and at an early hour the following day the whole villagers had resolved themselves into committees to discuss the affair. Knots of the inhabitants were sprinkled through every quarter of the town, of which the most remarkable was a select junta assembled at the head of Hope Street, and who in the heat of the debate had approach-

ed close to the edge of the pavement. At this most interesting moment, a tandem drawn by two fiery greys, swept past them, and so close as to graze the edge of the pavement. Miss Macdonald, thinking that the next step of these prancing steeds was to be over her fair person, retreated hastily, and, to her no small astonishment, found herself stretched on a bed, not of roses, but of oyster-shells, placed there, apparently, for her reception. We cannot now pause to pick her up, being under the necessity of following the tandem, which disappeared down Hope Street in a whirlwind of dust.

“Who can that be?” said Ellinor to Mrs Lennox, as the vehicle, which had caused such a commotion, stopped at the door; “whoever he is, he sports the most beautiful horses and the most dashing livery I ever saw; surely he must have mistaken the house.”

“Where is he?” exclaimed Mrs Lennox, running to the window, glad to see anything like dash.

“ You are too late,” said Ellinor, “ for he has this moment entered the house.”

They were not kept long in suspense, for the stranger, pushing William aside, and taking three steps at a time, flew into the room, and dashing down his hat, threw himself on the sofa beside Mrs Lennox.

“ Connor !” exclaimed the latter, when somewhat recovered from her surprise at this rencounter, “ where in the name of wonder have you dropt from ?”

“ From Dublin, my dear,” he replied ; “ and here I am to inquire how you like your new husband, on trial ; but where is he ?—is he not yet visible ?”

“ I believe Mr Lennox is out,” she replied ; “ but—true, I had nearly forgot,—allow me to introduce you to Miss Lennox, his sister.”

Connor, after making a fashionable bend, turned again to Mrs Lennox.

“ And how did you leave them all in Ireland ?” said the latter, “ and what has brought you to Scotland ?”

“ When I last left them,” he replied, all the while gazing at his handsome legs, and every now and then tapping his boots with his cane, “ which is about three months since—they were then all alive.—I have not been home since I first set out on my travels, but I met our cousin Cowley in Bath the other day, and he told me he rather thought my sister Charlotte had got the typhus ; but she can’t be dead, or I think I should have heard of it.”

“ But you have not yet told me,” rejoined Mrs Lennox, “ what has brought you here.”

“ Faith, and I can hardly tell that myself ; so, if you like, you may just suppose I came down to see you.”

“ Do you make any stay ?”

“ Upon my soul, I can’t tell that either ; but it will depend on how I am treated. I am told there are a great many pretty girls in Edinburgh, and certainly the specimens I have already seen,” he continued, glancing at Ellinor, “ make me give full credit to



the truth of that report ; so if I happen to be smitten here, 'tis ten to one if the Green Isle sees me in a hurry."

" You will be easily smitten," said Mrs Lennox, in a rage at the very idea of his marrying in Scotland. " You will find them all great, over-grown, red-haired, raw-boned Scotchwomen ! Take my advice, Connor, and marry in your own country."

" I must say you are vastly polite," said Ellinor with heat, " to run down your husband's countrywomen, and before me too."

" I again repeat," said Mrs Lennox, who did not think it worth her while to take the smallest notice of the remark of her sister-in-law, " I again repeat, Connor, unless you wish to be miserable, don't settle in Scotland."

The entrance of Charles gave a turn to the conversation. " Charles," said his lady, " this is my cousin Connor—Connor, this is Lennox."

" I must be off," said Connor, after a lit-

tle farther chit-chat : and pulling out a very handsome gold repeater, " I don't like to keep my pets standing so long." .

" You are quite in style, Connor," said Mrs Lennox ; " why, that tandem of yours is enough to set the whole village in an uproar."

" Talking of that," he replied, lolling back on the sofa, and bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, " I did start a covey of old ones at the top of the street, but had not time to observe where they flew. 'Pon my honour, I must be off," he continued, jumping up ; " I have stayed an age !"

" You are in prodigious haste," said Mrs Lennox ; " but, pray, where are you to be found ?"

" At the Royal Hotel."

" I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on you to-morrow," said Charles ; " I hope you will be no stranger here ;" and Connor having made the proper reply, lounged out of the room, mounted his tandem, and drove away.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The sunshine of the morning  
Is abroad upon the sky,  
And, glorious as that red sunshine,  
The crimson banners fly.

The snow-white plumes are dancing,  
Flash casques and helms of gold ;  
'Tis the gathering of earth's chivalry—  
Her proud, her young, her bold.

The fiery steeds are foaming—  
Sweeps by the trumpet blast ;  
I hear a long and pealing shout ;  
The soldier bands are past.

I.. E. L.

CONNOR, finding time hang rather heavy on his hands in Edinburgh, where he waited the arrival of several sportsmen, who were to accompany him on a shooting excursion to the Highlands, eagerly availed himself of his introduction to our friends in Hope

Street, where he and his tandem made their appearance regularly every forenoon ; and where he amused himself in teasing Mrs Lennox, and flirting with Ellinor, which last occupation he carried on with such spirit, that Mrs Lennox began to have serious fears that he would marry a Scotchwoman, and to aggravate the offence, that Scotchwoman her sister-in-law. She was the more determined to break off the match, as Ellinor had given her great offence by going out in Connor's tandem, which she thought of right belonged to her ; but Ellinor holding a different opinion, the ladies had come to high words on this important point. Influenced by the amiable motive of thwarting Ellinor, Mrs Lennox set herself seriously to work to open Connor's eyes to her imperfections, and seized the first opportunity to tell him of her shocking temper, her violence, petulance, and selfishness ; but finding he only laughed at her list of faults, and that he did not in the least relax in his attentions, she asked him point-

blank if he meant to burden himself with a portionless wife. She struck the right chord. Connor being a noted fortune-hunter, and learning that Ellinor would not have above three or four thousand pounds, and not even that till her father's death,—and he, Mrs Lennox kindly remarked, would very likely live for forty years,—assured her his attentions to Ellinor meant nothing; but when she urged him to withdraw them, he positively refused.

“ No, no, I can't consent to that,” replied he, “ Ellinor is too pretty and too agreeable to be deserted in this shabby way; besides, if I did not lounge here, deuce take me if I would know what to do with myself. Come now, Anne, be reasonable; surely when I have told you that there is no danger of my slipping my neck into the matrimonial noose, you need not grudge a poor fellow a little harmless amusement?” And Mrs Lennox, recollecting that a quarrel with Connor would deprive her of the pleasure of showing her fair person in his tan-

dem, was forced to consent to the continuance of his devoirs, and to which she became completely reconciled on reflecting that they would terminate in the mortification of Ellinor, who would infallibly be jilted by her dashing cousin ; and consoled by this hope, she resolved to let things take their course.

The amusements of the ladies were now varied by a review, and the appointed day having arrived, Connor, who had privately asked Ellinor to accompany him in his tandem, made his appearance, as had been previously agreed on, just at the very moment when all the family were at their toilettes, with the exception of Ellinor, who had taken care to be in readiness, and was watching for him. No sooner, therefore, did the tandem stop at the door, than she flew down stairs, and jumping in beside him, was the next moment whirled down to the sands, where the regiment had already assembled.

In the meantime, Mrs Lennox, who, as Ellinor had been last out in the tandem, expected that on this occasion she would

occupy the vacant seat, fully determined to astonish the natives, and to do honour to the exalted situation to which she aspired, had bestowed no common pains in the decoration of her person. What then was her astonishment and rage, when, on asking if Mr Connor had come, William informed her he was not only come but gone, and that Miss Lennox had accompanied him ! The very excess of her wrath kept her silent ; but not so the Baronet, who, alarmed for the safety of his daughter, stamped, raged, swore ; and had Ellinor known the commotion occasioned by this unexpected event, she would have had good reason to congratulate herself in having escaped the hurricane. As there was no Catherine present to throw the oil of mildness over the boiling waves of passion, there is no saying how long the hubbub would have continued, had not the sound of firing on the sands admonished them to make haste. Sir Thomas therefore, having handed the ladies into the carriage,

quickly followed them; and Charles mounting his horse, they forthwith proceeded to the scene of action.

Mrs Lennox, who had not yet recovered the shock she had received on learning she was supplanted by Ellinor, no sooner saw her in the envied seat, than her complaints broke out afresh, but her murmurs were drowned in the general uproar which surrounded them.

“Fire!” cried the Colonel—bounce went the carabines. “Huzza!” roared the mob—the bugles shrieked, and Sir Thomas shouted on Ellinor to come into the carriage. The Baronet had really some cause for alarm, for no sooner did the firing commence, than Connor’s high-spirited horses took fright, pranced and reared, and clearing a way for themselves through the crowd, stopped not until they reached the extremity of the sands. As Sir Thomas had ordered the horses to be taken from his carriage, he could not go in pursuit of the run-aways; and a row of carriages having pre-



vented Charles from seeing her dangerous situation, he sat composedly on horseback observing the manœuvres of the troops, and listening to the band. Sir 'Thomas, therefore, had no alternative but to send William to desire Ellinor to return instantly. But Ellinor, aware of the notice her beauty and conspicuous situation were attracting, and unwilling to abdicate, no sooner saw William approaching, than turning to Connor, she said, " 'There comes William, and I am sure to say that papa wants me into his carriage."

'This hint was quite enough for Connor, who, equally averse to part with his beautiful companion, gave his steeds a lash, and on they pranced, leaving the Baronet's ill-omened messenger far behind.

" 'Faith, we have had a narrow escape," said Connor, laughing, on finding they had completely distanced William; " but we must keep the fellow in view, and not allow him to get within ear-shot."

" Papa will be in a pretty rage," replied

Ellinor, in a tone which showed she cared very little about the matter ; “ but I am not to be supposed to know that William had any message for me.”

“ Certainly not,” replied Connor ; “ but come, let us dash in among those carriages, and reconnoitre.”

No sooner said than done—away they flew, followed by two servants in superb liveries of green and gold ; nor stopped till they found themselves close to the Seftons’ carriage, which was occupied by Captain and Mrs Sefton and Catherine. This scene of gaiety grated harshly on Catherine’s feelings. Hers was not a mind which could easily forget the late afflicting catastrophe, and the still deep grief of Amy ; who, concerned at her saddened look and colourless cheek, had joined her entreaties to those of Mrs Sefton, that she would go to the review, to which Catherine was forced, though unwillingly, to consent. But it was not the death of Sir Pelham, much as she valued him, which so often filled her eyes with tears and

robbed her cheek of its bloom. It was the cruel certainty that Willoughby believed her to have been attached to his rival. She had seen his despairing glance on observing Sir Pelham pressing her hand, and eagerly addressing her on that day, which proved the last of his existence ; and she had remarked his violent emotion on seeing on her finger a mourning ring, containing a lock of Sir Pelham's hair, and which, as the gift of Amy, she could not refuse to wear. The very grief she suffered from this misunderstanding was attributed to the loss of her lover ; in short, everything conspired against her, and combined to confirm Willoughby in the belief that she had given her heart to another.

Most acutely did Catherine lament the error into which he had fallen, for she had heard enough of the conduct of Ellinor with Connor, to set even her scruples at rest. Willoughby, too, she learned, had entirely withdrawn his attentions from her cousin ; therefore the most rigid honour could not

require her to refuse the homage of him who was the master of her heart. But Willoughby, esteeming her too highly to believe that she could soon forget him whom she appeared so deeply to mourn, dared not to talk of love, and studiously endeavoured to conceal his ardent and unabated attachment.

All this Catherine bore in silent anguish, but when she learned that it was expected the regiment would be ordered to England in the course of a few weeks, she could with difficulty preserve a semblance of composure. Although admired, adored by many, Catherine had never loved before. It had remained for Willoughby to awaken in her mind that passion, which is to woman either the guiding polar star, or the blasting lightning.

Catherine knew that Willoughby loved her, passionately loved her, but what did this avail. Female delicacy sealed her lips; misapprehension restrained all evidence of his feelings. Mrs Sefton too, talked of going south, and the future presented itself

to Catherine in the darkest colours. Suffering from these various causes of grief, it may readily be supposed that Catherine's feelings were but little in unison with the scene of which she was now an unwilling spectator ; and the extravagance of Ellinor's spirits, who seemed to have so soon forgot that such a person as Sir Pelham ever existed, threw a deeper shade of sadness over her brow.

“ How do you do, Catherine ?” exclaimed Ellinor, delighted to find that, after a slight survey of her grave cousin, Connor had again fixed his eyes on her own countenance, now radiant with the smiles of gratified vanity. “ I am glad to see you here—your moping at Duddingstone has made you a perfect dowdy. Allow me to present Mr Connor—Connor, this is Miss Dundas.”

Connor bowed negligently, Catherine coldly.

“ Is Sir Thomas here,” asked Catherine, “ and Lady Lennox ?”

“ Yes,” replied Ellinor carelessly, “ I believe they are somewhere among this motley crew, and—” but her speech was suddenly cut short, for Connor, who had taken as great a dislike to Catherine as it was evident she had imbibed for him, gave his steeds the rein, and whirled his beautiful companion away to another part of the sands.

All those who have made the human heart their study, must be aware how much it takes to kill love in minds capable of feeling a serious attachment. So it was with Spencer, who suffered all the torments of jealousy on witnessing the levity of Ellinor, and the insolent and familiar admiration of Connor. He was alarmed, too, at her evident danger, and on a sudden plunge of Connor’s unmanageable steeds, he lost all self-possession, and became so confused that he found himself incapable of attending to his duty. He therefore, affecting indisposition, resigned the troop to the officer next in command, and quitting the sands, return-

ed to the Barracks in a state of violent agitation.

So soon as the review was over, Willoughby, having heard that Spencer had left the ground indisposed, hastened to his apartment, and found Spencer in a frame of mind which excited his truest sympathy.

“ I have renounced her, Willoughby,” said Spencer, after detailing her levity ; “ Ellinor Lennox is nothing now to me—I would scorn to accept her offered hand.”

“ I rejoice to hear it,” replied Willoughby ; “ she is unworthy of you—and when the first shock is passed, I am confident that you will rejoice at your escape from an unfeeling coquette, on whose volatile mind nothing can make a lasting impression—you knew her admiration of Sir Pelham—you saw the violence of her grief on his death. How soon is all forgot—even his sister is neglected, and for whom ? I need not tell you what Connor is.”

“ It is true,” replied Spencer, sighing ; “ yet I hoped that time and my devoted at-

tachment might have reformed all that was reprehensible in her conduct."

"Were her faults those of the head alone, I would not judge her severely, but you know it is not so. That woman can have no feeling, no principle, who can trifle with the happiness of another. To you I owe my escape before my affections were too deeply interested. Believe not that time would have changed her. Her cousin is not older," continued he, with warmth; "and yet how superior, noble, dignified, and mild; yet candid and sincere, she never would have encouraged only to reject; but divest Ellenor Lennox of beauty, and what is there left worthy of a sigh? Forget her, my dear Spencer—as you value your own happiness, avoid and forget her."

"Such is my wish and determination," replied Spencer; "and if we were not likely so soon to receive our route for England, I would apply for leave of absence; but as it is probable that a few weeks will terminate our sojourn in Scotland, I shall force



myself to remain, particularly as I am anxious not to leave Miss Talmash before I shall have acquitted myself of my engagement to Sir Pelham, to guard her with a brother's care until she is restored to her friends ; and as Mrs Sefton proposes going south shortly, she and Sefton wish we should all travel together."

" A most excellent arrangement," rejoined Willoughby, who seemed to be struck by some new idea ; " Miss Talmash seems to lean entirely on you for protection and kindness ; it would be wrong in you to show any indifference to her comfort ; in fact, I would strongly advise you to spend a great deal of your time at Duddingstone, under pretence of paying attentions to Miss Talmash—you will thus be removed from the dangerous influence of Ellinor, and yet avoid the appearance of rudeness to the family. Indeed, I think Miss Talmash has drooped within the last week, as you have been too much engaged preparing for the review, to be able to drive her out as usual."

“Do you think so?” replied Spencer; “then I will make a point of going over to-morrow. It would grieve me sincerely were her health to suffer through my neglect; she has an angelic temper, and I honour her, from the bottom of my soul, for the strong attachment she bore her brother. I have great fears that she will never recover his loss.”

“Time may do much for her,” replied Willoughby, “and I trust that some happy man may win her warm and guileless heart.”

“I hope so,” said Spencer; “for one who could love a brother so tenderly, must, I am certain, possess great sensibility and feeling; and yet it is almost cruel to wish to disturb her serenity, and subject her to the pains of love;” and Spencer sighed heavily.

“Let us hope they may be pleasing pains,” replied Willoughby, who being now called away on military duty, Spencer was left to the indulgence of his melancholy thoughts.

On the termination of the review, the Seftons and Catherine drove to Hope Street, where they found Sir Thomas and Lady Lennox and their amiable daughter-in-law had arrived just before them. Charles had gone in search of Ellinor and Connor.

Our friends were received with much kindness by Sir Thomas and his lady, and Mrs Lennox having quarrelled with Ellinor, and being at a loss for a companion, intreated Catherine not to return to Duddingstone. But to this proposal Mrs Sefton would not listen for a moment, nor was Catherine sorry that she carried her point ; for the peace and harmony she enjoyed in her present abode, made her more than ever reluctant to encounter the storms and tempests of her own unquiet home.

Just as they were about to depart, Ellinor entered, accompanied by Connor, nor was Catherine's partiality increased by a closer inspection of the gentleman. His airs disgusted, his conceit offended her, and in wonder and amazement that any woman

in her senses could prefer him to Spencer, she followed Mrs Sefton to the carriage, and glad to be out of the reach of their frivolity and nonsense, she hailed with renovated pleasure the autumn-tinged woods of Duddingstone.

## CHAPTER XIX.

'Tis not in mighty things  
That the benevolent heart is truly shown,  
But in the tone and temper of the mind,  
Ever forgiving, gentle, and alive  
To pity, ready to forgive, intent  
On all the little thousand charities,  
Which day by day calls forth.

DELTA.

ON the following day Spencer ordered his curricie, and drove to Duddingstone, accompanied by Willoughby. They were received by the Seftons with their usual cordiality and kindness, but Catherine's attempts to look unconcerned were sadly contradicted by her tell-tale check.

"Pray," asked Mrs Sefton, "what has become of you both? I have not seen you

for an age. Sefton and I were beginning to think you had forgot us."

"You surely cannot believe us to be so ungrateful. The truth is, we were much engaged with regimental business preparatory to the review; but as that is over, we have now a little more leisure to indulge ourselves in visiting our kind friends."

"I am heartily glad to hear it," replied Mrs Sefton. "I was very much inclined to have you both tried for desertion."

"How is Miss Talmash?" asked Spencer. "I hope to persuade her to take an airing this beautiful morning."

"No," replied Mrs Sefton; "she is a little indisposed, and looks languid and unwell, so that I have laid my commands on her not to leave her room."

The conversation was here interrupted by the sound of a carriage stopping at the door, and in a few minutes Ellinor flew into the room, followed by Connor. Mrs Sefton, who had a mortal antipathy to both, received them with cold politeness. But

this reserve did not in the least damp the spirits of either the lady or gentleman, who, taking very little notice of the party, continued to talk and laugh without intermission, while Connor contrived to amuse himself by twisting Ellinor's shawl into a thousand fantastic shapes, in defiance of her affected anger and reproaches.

The flush of indignation which rushed to Spencer's brow, on witnessing the insolent familiarity of Connor's manner towards Ellinor, faded as he reflected, that it was invited by the levity of her own, and with a feeling nearly approaching to contempt, he turned in disgust from his once-loved Ellinor.

Catherine saw and pitied his evident emotion, and anxious to withdraw him from this painful scene, said, "I am very much mortified that you express no curiosity respecting the progress of my sketches. I assure you I have been very diligent in your absence, and if you will step with me into this room," opening, as she spoke, a door

which led into an adjoining study,—“ I shall show you, that my pencil has not been idle.” Without waiting for a reply, she entered the apartment, followed by Spencer, who could almost have worshipped her for this relief. Catherine, appearing not to observe his emotion, quickly scattered the contents of her portfolio on the table, and tried to divert his thoughts, by asking his opinion of the various drawings which were laid before him, and he, grateful for her delicate kindness and consideration, made an effort to appear interested in the subject. He had just succeeded in regaining some degree of composure, when their tête-à-tête was suddenly interrupted by Ellinor, whose curiosity was piqued to know what Catherine could have to say in private to Spencer ; and Connor, finding the Seftons cool and distant, in a few seconds followed her. Mrs Sefton, who had penetrated Catherine’s motive for carrying off Spencer, regretted the turn affairs had taken ; but



as the matter could not be remedied, she also joined the party.

“What an insufferable fop that fellow Connor is,” said Sefton, when he and Willoughby were left alone. “I am astonished that Miss Lennox can give him such marked encouragement. It is quite inexplicable to me how she can prefer him to Spencer, who, I am sorry to see, is still so much attached to her.”

“Poor Spencer,” replied Willoughby, “I wish to heaven he had never seen her.”

“I should think,” said Sefton, “that her conduct to-day will tend, in a great measure, to enable him to break his chains. He looked shocked at her levity, which, indeed, is quite unpardonable. She shows but little feeling in flirting so openly, before Spencer, with that conceited puppy, whom I detest so thoroughly, that I can scarcely persuade myself to treat him with common civility.”

The return of the party here broke off their remarks, and Willoughby, anxious to

extricate Spencer from his present unpleasant situation, in a few minutes after took leave, and departed, accompanied by his friend.

They had proceeded but a short distance, when they heard a carriage at full speed approaching them from behind, and looking round, they saw Connor's tandem, which he was driving at a most furious rate, close to them; and in another instant they shot past, grazing the wheel of Spencer's curricule, whose horses started and reared, as Ellinor's long shawl, which streamed from Connor's shoulders, flashed before their eyes. Ellinor looked back, kissed her hand, and laughing, pointed to Connor, who, it must be confessed, cut a most ridiculous appearance.

"Insufferable coquette!" exclaimed Willoughby; "if the insolent admiration of such a man can compensate you for the loss of a noble and generous heart, you are unworthy of a sigh."

Spencer did not reply, and in silence our friends slowly proceeded to the Barracks.

“ Do you think your cousin and Connor will make a match of it ?” said Mrs Sefton to Catherine, so soon as their visitors had left them ; “ she certainly gives him abundance of encouragement—it amazes me, that she can neglect our excellent friend Spencer, for this presuming fop.”

“ I grieve, indeed,” replied Catherine, “ to find her thus throwing happiness from her. Spencer certainly was much attached to her, and it is entirely her own fault if she has lost his generous heart. I have quite your prejudice against Connor, and have a strong presentiment of evil from their intimacy.”

“ In fact your cousin was aiming at higher game, and I am malicious enough to rejoice at her disappointment.”

“ If,” replied Catherine, “ I believed there was anything serious in his intentions, I would at once risk Ellinor’s displeasure, and intreat her not to commit herself until she knew something of his character and pursuits.”

“ You had much better let her alone,” answered Mrs Sefton ; “ for, if I read your cousin aright, she would probably give him a double portion of encouragement from mere perverseness. Take my advice, and have nothing to do with their concerns, for, as far as I am able to judge, Miss Lennox is a young lady who has a will of her own, and your interference might only precipitate matters.”

“ I dare say you are right, for I fear one reason of her coldness to Spencer, may be to show that she will not be dictated to ; as I had remonstrated with her on her treatment of him.”

“ This confirms me in my opinion, and I am convinced, that if you let them alone, he will assuredly jilt her. Sefton met a gentleman the other day in Edinburgh, who seems to know Connor well, and who assured him that he was a mere fortune-hunter. It was currently reported at Bath, that he had gone down here in chase of a Scotch heiress, to whom he was paying

his devoirs, when her friends hurried her away. He has betted, it seems, a smart sum, that he will carry her off' at the 'Northern Meeting, and it is thought he is merely amusing himself with your cousin, till the time of that meeting arrives, as he does not mean to go north till then, for fear of alarming the lady's friends, who might perhaps prohibit her from appearing there."

"I shall sincerely rejoice, if my cousin escapes this contemptible puppy; but I cannot bear to think of her being jilted by him."

"Oh, my dear, you are much too partial to her—for my part, nothing will give me greater pleasure, than to find that she suffers a few twinges of the pain she has inflicted without remorse on others."

"You are harsh, Ellen."

"No, dear Catherine, I am not harsh; I hope your cousin may meet with this mortification; because, I trust the lesson may have a salutary effect, and teach her to appreciate the difference between the love of

an honourable man, and the disrespectful adulation of an impertinent wretch, such as Connor certainly is. I am certain Charles would interfere, but I understand they contrive to keep their flirtation pretty much out of his sight, and he, expecting Connor's departure north every day, probably attaches little importance to his frequent visits.—But let us go and sit with Amy—she is a delightful, guileless creature; I heartily wish that Spencer would fall in love with her.”

“ I am afraid,” replied Catherine, smiling, “ he has suffered too much from his late fall, to feel inclined to try the experiment soon again.”

“ You know nothing of the matter, my dear; allow me to tell you that there is much more chance of Spencer falling in love at this present greeting, than in six months hence.—Really, Catherine, you are a perfect ignoramus on these subjects.”

“ Where ignorance is bliss—,” said Catherine, attempting to smile.

Well, my dear,” answered Mrs Sefton.

“ I counsel you to enjoy the present moment, for, be assured when your time comes, in spite of all your pretended composure, you will suffer as keenly as your more ardent friends. Depend upon it, when once love takes up a position in your heart, he will not easily be driven from his entrenchment—But how, I wonder, have I adopted this military phrase in talking of his godship—I hope it is not ominous !”

“ Were you not proposing to join Amy ? I fear she will be wearying for us ;” and Catherine appeared so uncomfortable and embarrassed, that Mrs Sefton good-naturedly changed the conversation, and the friends soon after adjourned to Amy’s apartment.

## CHAPTER XX.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it  
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss ;  
And, until they can show me some happier planet,  
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,  
As before me this moment enraptured I see,  
They may say what they will of the orbs in the skies,  
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

MOORE.

A FEW days after this occurrence, the curricie of Spencer stopped at Mrs Sefton's door just as that lady's carriage also drew up.

" You are the very person I was wishing for," said Mrs Sefton, holding out her hand to him, while Amy's eyes beamed with pleasure.

" I am just in time, I find," answered Spencer, " five minutes later, and I should



have lost what I now hope to have, the pleasure of driving Miss Talmash into the country to-day ;” and Spencer seated himself beside his protégée, and made the most affectionate and kind inquiries as to her health.

Too artless to disguise her feelings, Amy looked all the happiness she felt, and Mrs Sefton mentally congratulated herself in the probable success of her wishes. She had for some time observed that, on Spencer’s approach, Amy’s eyes sparkled with added brilliancy, that a brighter tint glowed on her cheek, and from various other symptoms it became evident that she was fast falling under the dominion of that little blind wretch whose sway extends “ from Indus to the Pole.” The persons most interested in the affair were as yet in utter ignorance of their feelings. Amy called her new and delightful sensations by the unexceptionable name of gratitude ; and although Spencer’s love for Ellinor had long been on the decline, and he had now resolutely cast her

from his heart, he fancied himself inconsolable, and that duty and his plighted word to Sir Pelham, to guard and shield his orphan sister, alone prompted him to seek so frequently the society of the fascinating Amy.

“Where do you propose going to-day?” asked Spencer.

“We were just setting off to call on Lady Lennox,” answered Mrs Sefton; “but as the gaiety we meet with there is sometimes too much for Miss Talmash, I think you had better give her a quiet country drive—Sefton means to ride, and will go with you. Catherine and I will visit Hope Street.”

This arrangement appeared to give general satisfaction—Spencer carried off his fair companion; Sefton prepared to follow them, and on handing his lovely wife into her carriage, received this considerate admonition: “Harry, my love, you need not ride very near them.”

“Upon my word, Ellen,” replied Sefton, laughing, “our own love affairs are not so

long passed as to make you think I would forget how to behave on such an occasion."

"The best of you require a hint now and then; and please to recollect, that if they wish to prolong their excursion, you are not to hurry them home—I shall not grumble if you should be an hour beyond our usual time for dining; and be sure to ask Spencer to spend the day with us—Now please march off; our two disconsolates are almost out of sight."

"You are a good soul, Ellen," said Catherine; "I delight to see that happiness has not made you selfish."

"Heaven forbid," replied Mrs Sefton; "but I might perhaps have been so, had I not taken warning by one of my friends, who, when she married, broke off every former tie. Her husband and her children were everything to her, and she shut her heart to all the world beside. This did very well for a few years, but gradually they were placed in a variety of situations in which the assistance of friends would have been

valuable ; but their doors had been closed against them all, and they had no title to expect their kindness. Their children grew up and no one was interested in their fate. As I had once loved her, I was sensibly wounded on being thus thrown aside, but her conduct acted as a beacon to me, and I resolved, if ever I became a wife, to steer a different course ; and I have never for a moment repented of doing so."

" I agree completely in your sentiments," replied Catherine ; " but they never can be acted on but by those who are devoid of selfishness ; for you must allow that you are often called on to practise self-denial, and to give up your wishes to the comfort of others."

" Undoubtedly, that is often the case ; but it is repaid tenfold by the affection of friends—But a truce to moralizing, for here we are in Hope Street ; we must try and find out how your cousin and Connor are getting on ;" and in a few minutes our friends were ushered into the drawing-room.

where, to their amazement, they found Mrs Lennox and Ellinor seated on each side of Connor, who, attired in Ellinor's shawl, her hat and feathers, and holding her parasol over his head, lolled back on the couch humming, "Lesbia hath a beaming eye."

Much as they were displeased at his easy impudence, the combination of his jet-black mustachios, the Leghorn bonnet and long white veil, which he had chosen to turn behind, and now floated over his shoulders, was so truly ludicrous, that Mrs Sefton fairly laughed outright, and even Catherine could not repress a smile.

"How do you do?" said Mrs Lennox, who appeared to be in unusual good-humour; "you are come just in time to tell me what kind of a lady Connor makes."

"I always told you, Anne," said Connor, twirling his parasol in the air, "what a devilish handsome girl I would make, but never could get you to believe me; but," he continued, jumping from his seat and spread-

ing out his shawl, “do you think I am going to ‘waste my sweetness on the desert air?’ no, no—

Let me wander not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms and hillocks green.

I must go and astonish the natives. Oh, here, I think,” he exclaimed, on seeing two ladies walking on the terrace, “are a brace of the covey I sprung the first day of my arrival here—I must not cut old friends;” and throwing open the window, he made Miss Kennedy and Miss Macdonald three obsequious curtsies. For some moments they were both too much confounded by this sudden apparition to be able to return his salutation; but, as he continued to curtsy, nod, and smile, as if he were one of their greatest intimates, they too began to curtsy and to smile, although they were very much at a loss to remember where they had met this very tall lady, and to account for the extreme blackness which appeared about

her mouth. "Faith and I think I have confounded these two old tabs," he exclaimed, retreating from the window and throwing himself on the sofa by Ellinor in a roar of laughter; "by Jove, they wont forget me in a hurry! These old ones took a devil of a stare,—however, I must indulge them with another look."

"You don't manage your shawl with grace," said Ellinor, who appeared to enjoy the frolic as much as himself, and trying to arrange the folds; "and only look at your bonnet," she exclaimed, almost choked with laughing, "why, if the feathers are not all dangling down your back!"

"So much the better," he replied, "they will appear gracefully negligent,—but do look if these heavenly creatures are still in sight."

"It is that odious Miss Kennedy," said Ellinor, as she returned from her post of observation, "she will set it through the village, that you were dressed in my shawl

and bonnet—I know she will make a fine story of it.”

“ Will she, in faith ?” said Connor—  
“ Then, by my soul, I’ll give the old lady something to set her tongue a-going—I shall give the old one a fright, or I am no true Irishman !”

“ You can’t do me a greater favour,” said Ellinor.

“ Oh, Ellinor !” exclaimed Catherine, in dismay at this proposal ; “ how can you act so foolishly ? only think what a noise this will make !”

“ Who cares what they say ?” said Ellinor. “ Never mind her, Connor.”

“ No more I do, my dear,” he replied, as he again approached the window ; and having knit his brows into a most terrific frown, thrice shook his head at the two astonished damsels. “ What shall I do next ?” he said, addressing Ellinor—“ I am not yet half done with them. I have hit it,” he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon Charles’s violoncello, which was reposing



quietly under the piano ; “ they look sentimental, and I will favour them with a song. Do place a chair for me,” (while he seized the instrument,) “ I shall be ready in a moment.”

“ You will be seen to much greater advantage,” said Ellinor, “ if you will mount on this table.”

“ Do you think so ?” he replied. “ Well, then, the table it shall be—I was always fond of being exalted.” And having pulled it close to the window, he made one spring from the floor, and struck up, “ *Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish ;*” which he accompanied with the most dreadful contortions.

*If Miss Kennedy and her friend were surprised at his two former exploits, their amazement at this, which exceeded both, beggars all description. They stood staring at him with open mouths and eyes, and in doubt if the figure they saw before them were not some vision of the brain. As their won-*

der increased, so did the antics of the performer ; and just as he was concluding the last verse of the song, and the two ladies had their eyes intently fixed upon him, an unfortunate dog, in trying to escape from some mischievous boys, who were in full chase of it, took refuge with Miss Kennedy, and having in some most unaccountable way, got entangled with her dress, upset her, and they both rolled together to the bottom of the bank.

“ Ha—ha—ha ! ” exclaimed Connor, whose exalted situation gave him an opportunity of seeing the catastrophe, and flourishing his fiddlestick, “ ha—ha—ha ! what an admirable somerset the old one has had ! upon my soul, she rolled down the bank as if quite *au fait* to the business—But come, I will give her three cheers ; ” and drawing himself up to his full height, and taking his hat in one hand, and the violoncello in the other, he thrice passed them alternately round his head, and with a loud

huzza—huzza, which they distinctly heard, he jumped from the table.

“There’s papa,” said Ellinor, in terror, as she heard his foot on the stairs; “quick, quick, off with your hat; and you have tied the shawl in such a way I can’t get it loosened—what shall we do?”

“Make yourself easy,” said Connor, taking his teeth to the knot, which soon gave way. “I shall be in proper trim for the old gentleman.” And they had managed to get all things in proper order before the entrance of the Baronet, who would have been absolutely furious, had he suspected the scene which was acting above stairs, while he was below.

“How do you do, my dear?” he said, approaching Catherine, and shaking hands with her. “I hope you are going to stay with us?”

“No, indeed,” said Mrs Sefton; “I mean to carry her back with me—you need not talk of her coming home this age.”

“ And how do you think,” said Sir Thomas, smiling, “ that we can part with her so long ? I assure you, we miss her sadly.”

“ And so should I,” said Mrs Sefton, gaily.

“ Catherine,” said Lady Lennox, as she entered, and while her eyes beamed with pleasure on beholding her, “ I did not expect to see you to-day. But really, my dear, when do you think of coming home ? you have been away a very long time.”

“ Lady Lennox,” said Mrs Sefton, “ you will really quite frighten me from coming near you, if you insist on my parting with Catherine. ’Tis really too bad of you to wish to take her from me, when I have so short a time to enjoy her society.”

“ Well, well,” said Lady Lennox, kindly, “ I shall renew her leave of absence a little longer ; but really it is against my judgment, for I am certain that the air of Duddingstone does not agree with Catherine—she has quite lost her bloom.”

“ Oh, she will soon regain it.—But, Can,

therine, we must go now, it is getting late," said Mrs Sefton, terrified that Lady Lennox might alter her mind ; nor did she breathe freely until she found herself and her friend retracing the way to Duddingstone.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Good people all of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song ;  
And if you find it wondrous short,  
It cannot hold you long.

GOLDSMITH.

ON the Sunday following, Connor made his appearance in Hope Street, and was provoked on finding only Mrs Lennox at home. " Pray, Anne," said he, " what has become of all the good folks ?"

" Oh !" she replied with a yawn, " they have all gone to Edinburgh to hear some prodigious orator, and I suppose they wont be home for six hours at least ; these Scotch people do nothing but prance about to preachings, as they call them ; and yet though they preath for ever, I'm sure they are not a bit better than their neighbours."

“ I don’t think,” rejoined Connor, “ that your pretty friend is much disposed that way—how does she like this preaching business ?”

“ Not at all—but she cannot help herself ; Sir Thomas makes such a dreadful riot if they don’t all turn out on Sunday—besides, what can she do, it is such a tiresome day here ? There is nothing to be seen during service, and it is thought such a high crime to take up a novel—I am forced to read by stealth ; and I would have been obliged to join the party had I not pretended to have an excruciating headach.”

“ This is really dreadful,” said Connor.

“ Quite intolerable,” replied the lady ; “ and I am sadly afraid that Clara will be utterly ruined, she has picked up such strange ideas from Miss Catherine, who is, I am certain, a red hot Methodist—the child worries me perpetually about some old story about Joseph and his brethren, and actually refused to allow the creases to be ironed out of her frock to-day, saying, that

Miss Catherine had told her good people never worked on Sunday—is not this too bad ?”

“ Shocking,” replied Connor, stretching himself out on the sofa, and admiring his handsome legs ; “ but what are we to do till they return, when, I hope, your pretty sister will indulge me with a little flirtation, unless that amusement also is interdicted on Sunday ?”

“ All days seem alike to her for that,” rejoined Mrs Lennox, pettishly ; “ really, Connor, you make quite a fool of her.”

“ Well, my dear creature, and isn’t that just what you want me to do ?”

“ I declare,” responded the lady, “ your flattery has made her so insufferably vain, if it were not that I would miss both you and your tandem, I would insist on your jilting her directly.”

“ You must not be so unreasonable—I cannot afford to jilt her till I am about to go north ; so, Anne, I beg you will moderate your impatience : by and by, you shall



have an opportunity of condoling with your pretty sister on the loss of my charming self."

"Indeed I would be sorry to see you throw yourself away on a Scotch girl, who has only a long pedigree and a few paltry thousands to recommend her."

"You may make yourself easy on that point, nothing less than a thirty thousand pounder will suit me. Twenty might possibly tempt me—I rather think, however, I shall stick to thirty; but," continued he, giving a tremendous yawn, "can't you think of something to divert one?"

"Suppose we take a game at piquet?"

"We cannot do better."

So to piquet these two worthies went; but to Connor's annoyance, he found he had not only to count for himself, but for the lady also.

"Indeed, Anne, you must count for yourself, or we may as well give up at once."

"'Tis no such mighty exertion I think," rejoined Mrs Lennox, pettishly; "but since

you seem to consider it a vast trouble, I shall do it myself."

But Mrs Lennox had on this occasion promised more than she could perform, and she sat dreaming over her cards till Connor's patience being quite exhausted, he started up, exclaiming, "'Pon my soul, this is a confoundedly stupid game—do let us have a little music."

"Music!" replied Mrs Lennox; "Sir Thomas would be ready to fire the house if he heard of such a thing."

"But I don't intend that he shall hear anything about the matter—we shall have due warning from the sound of the carriage to put aside our instruments. Come, let us begin—ah! whose flute is that?"

"Spencer's," replied Mrs Lennox, "who used to come and blow here fifteen hours out of the four-and-twenty; but I never heard him play on a Sunday, so I suppose he also has a spice of the saint about him."

"Indeed! I shall try however if it will blow in the hands of a sinner—do uncover

the harp ;” and in a few minutes these amiable idlers were flourishing away at their respective instruments.

For a considerable time all was peace and harmony, but they had just commenced the beautiful melody of “ This life is all chequered with pleasures and woes,” when they received a striking illustration of the truth of this remark in the shape of a brickbat, which, in its flight, grazed Mrs Lennox’s ear, and knocked the flute out of Connor’s hand.

“ What the devil is the meaning of this ?” exclaimed Connor. Mrs Lennox ran shrieking out of the room and shut herself up in her own apartment ; while Connor boldly approached the window to discover the cause of the uproar which reigned without.

The mob, which the sound of the music had assembled, enraged at this profanation of the Sabbath, treated the offender with loud groans and hisses ; nor were they sparing of the missiles, which they had collected

in great quantities, and made such good use of, that in the course of ten minutes almost every pane of glass was shattered to pieces. Connor, who was charmed with everything in the shape of a row, instead of attempting to appease the exasperated multitude, snatched up his flute, and planting himself close to the window, blew away with all his might and main at "O, the shamrock, the green immortal shamrock!" This was the signal for fresh hostilities, and successive showers of missiles were sent flying at the head of the musician, who, however, escaped injury, by adroitly ducking on the approach of every volley, and rising as soon as it passed over him. The confusion was still at its height when the carriage containing the Baronet and his family entered the village.

"What can be the matter?" exclaimed Sir Thomas, on seeing crowds of people flying down Hope Street; "I fear some accident has happened—very likely some boat lost,—this comes of sailing on a Sunday. Things are sadly changed in Scotland—I

wish the good old times would return, when every master of a family carried his whole household to church with him. I am certain half the wickedness in the world arises from the remissness of fathers of families, who ought to take care that all within the sphere of their influence pay a due regard to the observance of the sacred day."

"Good heavens, papa!" said Ellinor, looking from the window, "the crowd is so great we can scarcely get through—I think it seems to be collected before our house."

"Before our house, girl! the thing is impossible."

But who shall paint the astonishment, rage, and dismay of the Baronet, when, on stopping at his own door, he saw every window in his house demolished, and Connor, flute in hand, standing in the breach with perfect non-chalance. Amazement at this spectacle deprived Sir Thomas of the powers of utterance, and his passion increased on finding himself and family pursued into the house with hootings, groans, and

hisses. While Sir Thomas was making his way into the house, Connor, who had caught a glimpse of his countenance, thinking it expedient to make his way out of it, snatched up his hat, let himself down by a back window, and after leaping sundry walls and railings, found himself safely on the road to Edinburgh.

Great was the indignation of the Baronet on this trying occasion, and great also was his mortification on finding that both the offenders (for he had learned Mrs Lennox's share in the business,) had escaped, at least for the present, his just reproaches. Connor had absconded, and Mrs Lennox had a prudent fit of illness which confined her to her room for several days; and he was deprived even of the satisfaction of scolding her by proxy, as Charles was absent on a visit to a friend in Perthshire, and not expected to return for some weeks; therefore, the only consolation the Baronet received, was, in giving strict orders to William to refuse admittance to Mr Connor should he have,

the supreme audacity to apply for it, a circumstance the Baronet thought the next thing to impossible.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Barbs ! Barbs ! alas ! how swift you flew,  
Her neat post-waggon trotting in ;  
Ye bore Matilda from my view,  
Forlorn I languished at the U-

niversity of Gottingen—  
niversity of Gottingen.  
*Anti-Jacobin.*

THIS affair, which was considered by Sir Thomas as a crime of the deepest die, was viewed in a very different light by Connor, who thought it an exceedingly amusing frolic. As however he had a presentiment that Sir Thomas was not entirely of his opinion, he allowed a few days to elapse before he showed himself again in Hope Street ; but at the end of that time, his dashing tandem stopped once more at the Baronet's door.



William being out of the way, the coachman, ignorant of the interdict issued by Sir Thomas, admitted Connor, who, finding that Ellinor had gone out to walk, consented to give Mrs Lennox a short drive, and away they went. Ellinor, returning soon after, was much enraged that Connor had not waited for her; and in a very sullen humour, she seated herself at the window, and watched their arrival. In half an hour the tandem whirled down the street, stopped at the door, and Mrs Lennox alighted.

Ellinor drew up the sash,—“ I hope you have had a pleasant drive ?” said she to Connor, in a tone of pique.

“ Not half so agreeable as if you had been my companion,” replied Connor, so soon as he believed Mrs Lennox to be out of hearing; “ but,” continued he, “ do step down for a few minutes. I came here to-day, just on purpose to consult your charming taste respecting a new lining—do come, I will not detain you an instant.”

Mollified by this compliment, Ellinor ran down stairs, and stepped out on the street. "Well, what is this you are saying about a new lining?"

"Oh, I cannot explain it properly till you get into the tandem; there is a dear soul—Come, give me your hand. Stand still, Highflyer!—there, now you are seated, we shall proceed to business."

But Connor's business was, to touch the ears of Caleb Quotem—give the lash to Highflyer; and away they flew in the true break-neck style.

As soon as Ellinor recovered from her astonishment at this exploit, she exclaimed, "Good heavens, Connor! what do you mean? Do not you see that I have neither hat nor shawl?"

"Poh! never mind," he answered, giving his greys another lash—"the good folks will just believe from our haste, that we are bound for Gretna."

"Really, this is too bad," replied Ellinor, as a sudden jolt shook the comb out of

her hair, and sent her long tresses flying about her face.

“Loose were her tresses seen!” sung Connor. “’Pon my soul, ’tis vastly becoming; you ought always to wear your hair so.”

Our run-aways were now in the middle of the village, where their appearance created a considerable sensation. Up flew windows, out popped heads—“caller haddies” stuck in the throats of the fishwomen, butchers suspended their dissections, to stare with open eyes and mouths after this strange sight, and the barber stood rooted to the spot, pinching the nose of the unlucky wight who happened at this unfortunate moment to be under his finger and thumb. In short, such was the commotion, that Connor’s servant, ashamed of belonging to such a party, struck his spurs into the horse’s sides and hastened after them, anxious to get out of the gaze of the knots of people whom the adventure had drawn together. His master, however, enjoyed the thing amazingly, returned the spectators stare for

stare ; and thundering on, swept down Pitt Street, up Melville Street, dashed through the middle of the village, turned up Brighton Place, then down Rosefield Lane, and narrowly missed riding over Sir Thomas, who was in the act of crossing Tower Street, in his way from the Post-office.

“ Good heavens !” exclaimed Ellinor ; “ there is papa, and I have no hat on.”

“ I shall soon remedy that,” said Connor, taking off his own and putting it on her head. But there it was not destined long to remain, for a violent jolt of the carriage sent it flying before them, and in another instant a wheel of the tandem went fairly over it. “ Patrick,” said Connor, looking over his shoulder to his attendant, “ pick up my hat and bring it here.”

The servant obeyed, and presented the hat, which had received several deep wounds in the side, and the crown half torn out, dangled in the wind. This tattered covering, however, Connor, with the utmost *sang froid*, placed on one side of his head,

in a manner which none but an Irishman can ever accomplish ; and then drove on with an air of the utmost composure. As they drew near home, Ellinor began to feel a little uneasiness as to the way in which Sir Thomas would view the frolic ; but she and Connor agreed that it would be best to treat the whole business as a thing of no earthly consequence. Accordingly, on reaching the drawing-room, where they found the Baronet absolutely foaming with passion, they affected not to observe his discomposure, and threw themselves back on the sofa, apparently convulsed with laughter.

“ I think,” said Connor, “ we have astonished the natives this morning. How they did stare ! by Jove, I could have chucked my hat into some of the fellows’ mouths, they gaped so abominably !—Ha—ha—ha ! it has been a devilish pleasant frolic—the villagers looked electrified.”

“ Allow me to tell you, sir,” said Sir Thomas, with rekindled ire, “ that you

have electrified more than the villagers !— How have you, sir, presumed to make my daughter a spectacle, to be gazed at by all the rabble of Portobello ? How dare you carry Miss Lennox through the village in your infernal tandem, without either a shawl or hat ?”

“ Pardon me,” interrupted Connor, carelessly, “ I gave her mine.”

“ So much the worse, sir, so much the worse. Confound me ! if I ever in my life met with such a piece of cool impertinence ; but for the future, I shall take care that Miss Lennox, who seems to have forgot herself to-day, shall not again have it in her power to act with such glaring impropriety ; therefore, I beg, sir, to intimate that your visits here shall be dispensed with. William ! show Mr Connor down stairs.”

“ Rest assured, sir,” replied Connor, with warmth equal to his own, “ your wishes on this point will be readily complied with.” And seizing his hat, he bowed to the ladies ;

stalked haughtily past Sir Thomas ; rushed out of the house, and vaulting into his tandem, drove off as if pursued by a detachment of Furies.

“ Upon my word,” said Mrs Lennox, “ this is a pretty way to treat my relations.”

“ You ought rather to say, madam, it is a pretty way for your relations to treat my family. Mr Connor must have a little less impudence before I permit him to enter my house again. This morning’s business has not raised him in my estimation.”

“ A great affair truly, to make such a riot about ; nothing but the frolic of a young man.”

“ If young men have their frolics, old men have their whims,” answered Sir Thomas ; “ and I am determined that Mr Connor shall never be received in this house again.”

“ I am sure,” replied Mrs Lennox, “ that prohibition need give him little concern, it’s no such pleasant house to visit in.”

“ ’Tis most ridiculous,” said Ellinor, “to forbid a man the house for such a trifle.”

“ Do you too, Miss Ellinor,” exclaimed Sir Thomas, with increasing indignation, “ do you too presume to dictate to me ? A trifle,—Heaven grant me patience!—a trifle for my daughter to be seen flying through the village in such style, and with an impudent Irishman too. But here comes Charles, we shall see if he considers the affair a trifle.”

“ What is the matter now ?” asked Charles, on finding them all in such high debate.

“ Only,” replied his wife, “ that your excellent father has had the good-breeding to forbid my cousin, Mr Connor, the house ; and yet he pretends to be very much surprised that I should resent the insult.”

“ I will thank you, madam,” said Sir Thomas, “ when you blame me to my own son——”

“ I fancy,” retorted the lady, “ he is just as much my husband as he is your son.”

“ I will thank you, madam,” repeated



Sir Thomas, "to tell my son how well Mr Connor merited the prohibition."

"I can't possibly do that," replied Mrs Lennox, "for I don't think he merited the prohibition in the slightest degree; and I am sure, no one but yourself would have acted so absurdly."

"Really, Mrs Lennox, I am much flattered by your good opinion," said Sir Thomas, in a cutting tone.

"What on earth," asked Charles, impatiently, "is the occasion of all this disturbance?"

"Oh," answered Ellinor; "this great hubbub has been raised by my being for a few minutes in Connor's tandem without my shawl."

"You seem to have forgot," said Sir Thomas, "that you were also without your hat; and that in place of being a few minutes in his tandem, you were through the whole village."

"Well," rejoined Ellinor, "whether I was a long or a short time with him, is a mat-

ter of very little consequence, and not worth putting yourself into such a rage about."

"Pray, miss, what do you call a rage? 'tis enough, I think, to put any man in a rage to see such improper behaviour."

"I am glad you are sensible of being in one," replied Ellinor, with provoking *sang-froid*.

"If," said Charles, addressing his wife, "Mr Connor has conducted himself in the way my father says he has done, I think Sir Thomas has acted very properly, in forbidding him the house. Mr Connor has taken a most unwarrantable liberty, a liberty I should allow no man breathing to take with impunity with any daughter or sister of mine; and if Sir Thomas had not taken up this affair, I would have done so. Mr Connor's insolence requires to be checked."

"Oh, of course," retorted Mrs Lennox; "he is my relation, and that is quite enough. Had it been some booby Scotchman, he might have driven her to the world's end without our hearing one word of the matter;

but being my cousin, is quite sufficient to set you and that beautiful father of yours up against him. I wonder how you came so opportunely to take his part; you had much better have staid in Perthshire, than have come home only for the purpose of helping your father to abuse your wife."

"Rather, if you please, madam, to assist my father in repressing the insolence of a consummate puppy."

"Puppy, indeed!" replied Mrs Lennox; "let me tell you, sir, that whatever you may think of Mr Connor, I would not give him for the whole of you put together." And saying these words, she rose and quitted the apartment, pulling the door after her with violence; nor was she long of being followed by Ellinor, who also made her exit in a clap of thunder.

When the family met at dinner, the two enraged ladies were still too highly offended with both gentlemen to take the smallest notice of them; they spoke only to each other, excepting occasionally addressing

Lady Lennox, who having been absent during the debate of the morning, they did not consider as one of the belligerent powers.

“ Shall I send you some veal, Mrs Lennox ?” said Sir Thomas. No reply.

“ Anne,” asked Charles, “ don’t you hear my father speaking to you ?”

But Mrs Lennox, without deigning an answer, coolly turned to Ellinor, and said, “ I will thank you to send me a wing of that chicken.”

Charles bit his lip ; but, anxious not to expose these dissensions to the domestics, he made no remark, and the repast was finished in almost total silence.

For some days the ladies continued in a regularly formed pet, but, at the termination of that period, resumed their gaiety and good-humour, and sullenness gave the *pas* to mirth. Connor’s name was never mentioned ; in fact, both ladies seemed to have forgot that such a being was in existence ; and Mrs Lennox and Ellinor, having

no longer his tandem to fight about, from implacable enemies became sworn friends, appearing never happy but while together, and spending the greatest part of their time out of doors,—but how employed no one knew, and no one cared.

## CHAPTER XXII.

O Nelly Gray ! O Nelly Gray !  
Is this your love so warm ?  
The love that loves a scarlet coat,  
Should be more uniform !

Hood.

A SHORT time after these events, as Sefton was riding one day from Edinburgh, he met a soldier of Willoughby's regiment, of whom he inquired if he should find Major Willoughby in the Barracks.

" Yes, sir," replied the soldier, " he is there ; perhaps you have not heard that the route has come ?"

" The route come !" exclaimed Sefton, " this is surely sudden !" and giving his horse the spur, he slackened not his speed until he alighted in the Barrack-yard. He instantly repaired to Willoughby's apart-

ment, the door of which he found fastened, and on striking it impatiently, Willoughby called out fiercely, "Who is there?"

"Admit me instantly," said Sefton; and the door was slowly and reluctantly unclosed. On entering, Sefton was shocked on seeing Willoughby in a state of the most violent agitation.

"My dear friend, what distresses you thus?" asked Sefton; "do not withhold your confidence from me—If I cannot remove the cause of your grief, my sympathy perhaps may soften it."

Willoughby pressed Sefton's offered hand, but some time elapsed before he could command himself sufficiently to detail his long-cherished passion for Catherine—his conviction that she had been attached and engaged to Sir Pelham, and that her evident dejection, her drooping health and spirits, were all to be attributed to grief for his loss. This opinion was combated by Sefton, who told Willoughby that Catherine had invariably denied to Mrs Sefton that she was

attached to Sir Pelham ; but this failed to convince Willoughby, who stated, as the grounds on which he had formed his opinion—the meeting which he had witnessed—the letter which he knew Sir Pelham to have written her a few hours before his death—her tender care of Amy, who always addressed her as a sister ; and lastly, the mourning ring which she constantly wore. All this formed a chain of evidence, which, in Willoughby's estimation, put the matter beyond a doubt ; and even Sefton, who had believed Catherine attached to Willoughby, felt staggered in his opinion. He endeavoured to persuade Willoughby to ascertain his fate before leaving Scotland ; but this he positively refused, saying, that if Catherine had been attached to Sir Pelham, she would consider his addresses so soon after his death, as little less than insulting, and he might thus ruin his hopes for ever ; “ and yet,” he continued, “ it is worse to me than death to leave Scotland, without daring to ask if I may ever hope to win her love !” and Wil-



loughby paced the apartment with a disordered air.

“ I never,” replied Sefton, “ was more at a loss what to advise. If she was attached to Sir Pelham, your addressing her so soon after his loss would certainly give her great displeasure ; on the other hand, I am most unwilling that you should run the risk of having this excellent creature carried off during your absence by some fortunate rival.”

“ That is what I dread,” answered Wiloughby ; “ for although I mean to apply for leave of absence as soon as we are settled in our new quarters, I may not be able to obtain it till after a delay sufficient to destroy my hopes of happiness.”

“ I cannot bear to see you so distressed,” replied Sefton warmly ; “ cheer up, my dear friend—I shall go this moment, and take Mrs Sefton into our counsels—you have a warm advocate in her ; and if she is able to throw any light on the subject, you may depend on my instant return. Courage, my

friend ! trust me, I shall yet be the bearer of happy tidings."

" Heaven grant it !" was the reply ; and Sefton hastening home, met his wife in the avenue anxiously looking for him. He alighted, and giving his horse to the servant, drew her arm within his, and slowly proceeded to the house.

" Oh, Sefton, I have such news for you !"

" I have news for you also ; but tell me yours first, for I know you will speak whether I will or not."

" I have half a mind not to tell you a word about the matter, just to punish your impertinence—But no, I cannot keep such delightful intelligence to myself. Well then, Catherine never was attached to Sir Pelham. Amy showed me this very day the letter which her brother wrote her just before that fatal duel, telling her if he fell, not to lament him too deeply, as life would be a burden without Catherine, who had that day rejected his addresses.—But, good heavens, Harry ! what is the matter—you

terrify me ?” exclaimed Mrs Sefton, on seeing her husband toss his hat in the air, cut a hundred and fifty capers, then seizing her hand, insist on her dancing a saraband on the lawn.

“ My dear Ellen, I am the happiest man in the world !” and it was now Sefton’s turn to be the narrator. Mrs Sefton’s eye sparkled with joy, as she listened to a detail of the conversation which had just passed between her husband and Willoughby.—“ I must now be off, Ellen, to communicate this glorious news.”

“ Do come in first, and take a glass of wine, you look fatigued and heated—I won’t detain you a moment ; and if Willoughby cannot come back with you, be sure to stay and dine with him, and never mind me.”

“ You are a good creature, Ellen,” said Sefton, as he led his pretty little wife into the house ; “ I often wonder how you contrive to keep *self* so completely in the back ground ; but I cannot afford time for complimenting. You have given me a bumper ;

well, here is the health of our dear friends Catherine and Willoughby, and may they be as happy as ourselves, happier they cannot be ;” and giving his wife a very lover-like kiss, Sefton ran out of the house, mounted his horse, and rode gaily to the Barracks.

We shall feel infinitely obliged if our readers will have the goodness to paint for themselves the rapture of Willoughby on hearing Sefton’s communication. We have made up our mind to treat the subject as Bayes, in the Rehearsal, did the description of the sun gilding the eastern horizon, that is, by leaving it out entirely, contenting ourselves with informing our readers, that it was arranged between the friends Willoughby should visit Duddingstone on the succeeding day, where Sefton engaged that he should have an opportunity of whispering ‘ Love me, lady, love me !’ and all the rest of the old story.

“ Betty, Betty ! I say Betty !” called

Miss Macdonald down stairs to her damsel, “ bring my walking shoes immediately—don’t wait to brush them—bring them up directly, I can’t wait a moment—make haste.”

“ What in a’ the world’s in the wind now ? ” said Betty to Jenny Soapysapples, who happened just then to come into the kitchen. “ I wonder what has put her into such a kippage,” continued the damsel, beginning very composedly to brush the shoes ; “ the post hasna come in, and naebody has been here but Effie Banks the fishwife, who gaed out o’ the yate just this minute. I’s warrant there’s some news about the town, but I ne’er got a word o’ Effie, for my mistress aye buys her fish hersel. I would like weel to ken what she wants wi’ her shoons at this time o’ the morning.”

“ Betty ! ” again screamed Miss Macdonald, “ are my shoes not ready yet ? bring them up, I tell you, without brushing them. It is very provoking that you will never clean them overnight, though I have told you so

fifty times. Do you dare to brush yet !” she exclaimed, her rage increasing as she heard the refractory damsel very coolly pursuing her occupation ; “ if you don’t bring them to me this precious moment, I’ll come down and take them out of your hand. Did you not hear me say I was in a hurry ?”

“ Coming, mem !” replied Betty ; “ I have just to gie the strings a bit dight ;” then turning to Jenny, she said, “ I would gie the very hair out o’ my head to ken what a’ this is about. This is no the market-day. and the breakfast is scarcely weel ower her throat—there’s surely some stramash in the town.”

“ Betty, I say, Betty !” was again bawled from the head of the stairs ; “ Come here this instant—you might have made a pair of shoes in the time you have taken to clean these—disobey me longer at your peril !”

“ I maun gang now,” said Betty, “ she’s getting unco tanty-jaggy. Coming, mèm ! I was just giving them a bit heat at the fire.”

“ When I want my shoes heated I will tell you !” retorted her mistress, in high indignation. “ Is this a time to be toasting shoes, when people are in a hurry to get out ?”

“ I wasna to be a witch to ken that you would be going out so soon—it’s no ten o’clock yet !”

“ It’s none of your business at what hour I choose to go out ;—give me my mantle, and then, if you please, walk down stairs.”

Betty sulkily obeyed, and then descended to the lower regions to indulge undisturbed in her talkative humour.

“ Weel, the like o’ this I ne’er saw in a my born days—her breakfast is no half eaten ; and I’m thinking she hasna locked the press, so something past common has happened, for it’s no a wee thing makes her forget that—we’ll just rin to the window and see what road she takes. Na, look at her, if she hasna the wrang side o’ her mantle outmost, and a black shoe on ae foot and a yellow aue on the tither—and

just see if her head is not set fu' o' paper curls. She's a bonnie sight to be gaun through Portobello—the hale town will be speaking o' her, but let them speak—I'll no fash to tell her the awfu' mountebank she has made o' hersel, just for the dirdum she gied me about her shoon; but we may as weel gang up and see if she has minded to lock the press—if that's open, we'll hear news the day. I think, by the road she has taken, she's awa to her cronic Miss Mackinlay,—she's unco fond o' going there when the brother's down."

Betty's supposition was perfectly correct. Miss Macdonald, unconscious of the notice the extreme oddity of her attire was attracting, hastily pursued her way to Miss Mackinlay's, whose damsel she found in the act of giving the finishing rub to the brass knocker; and rushing past her, she bounced into the dining-room, exclaiming—"She's off, she's off!"

"Off!" replied Mr Mackinlay, putting down his cup,—“off! the thing is impos-



sible. I saw her last night, and she told me she was not to go till Friday."

"Off!" said Miss Mackinlay, "and without my velvet pelisse, which she promised to get dyed for me—I must say she has not used me very well."

"Pelisse, indeed," retorted Miss Macdonald. "I fancy she was thinking more of coats than pelisses. I never thought any good would come of such light-headed behaviour."

"Light-headed!" replied Miss Mackinlay; "I never heard that laid to her charge."

"That comes well from you, indeed," retorted her friend, "who abused her in my house not three days ago, and called her a light-headed, glaiket lassie."

"This is a most extraordinary affair," interposed Mr Mackinlay. "She told me she was to go on Friday with Captain Dewar."

"Captain Dewar!" replied Miss Macdonald,—“she's off with Connor!"

“ Connor !” said Mr Mackinlay, opening his great round eyes ; “ I don’t recollect such a name in the steam packets.”

“ Steam packets !” replied Miss Macdonald, in equal surprise ; “ she was much too fine a lady to go in a steam packet,—she went off from the sands in a chaise-and-four.”

“ Mary Stevens off to London in a chaise-and-four !” exclaimed Miss Mackinlay, with uplifted eyes and hands.

“ What on earth has put Mary Stevens in your head ?” answered Miss Macdonald. “ I am talking of Miss Lennox, who has eloped this morning with Mr Connor.”

“ Miss Lennox eloped with Mr Connor ! This is news indeed ! Do, my dear friend, tell me the particulars of this most extraordinary occurrence. It was always my opinion that she would never come to any good ; but I am sorry I have proved so true a prophet. Pray, who told you of this sad affair ?”

“ I had it from the best authority ; for

Effie Banks, the fishwoman, came straight from the Lennoxes to my house, and she said they had no time for buying fish. The cook was fleeing about after the hens, puing feathers out of their tails to burn beneath her ladyship's nose, who had lain for no less than three hours in a dead faint ; and Sir Thomas was stamping through the house, roaring for a chaise-and-four, to go after his daughter. Mr Lennox was crying for his pistols, and powder, and lead, and Mrs Lennox was sobbing and tearing her hair ; for Mr Connor it seems is her cousin, and she thinks him too good for Miss Lennox. But I am most concerned for poor Major Willoughby, as Miss Lennox was engaged to be married to him ; but she wanted to be off with her promise when she saw Mr Connor, whom she liked better. But Sir Thomas said, since she had promised to marry Major Willoughby, she must keep her word, or he would lock her up, which so terrified her, that she ran off next day : and they say that Major Willoughby has

taken this so much to heart, that he has been in a brain-fever ever since. Captain Spencer sat up all night with him, and was nearly run through the body by the Major, who took him for Connor. Doctor Drainvein was sent for in a great hurry, and he took twelve soup plates full of blood from him, after which he became a little more composed."

"But," said Mr Mackinlay, "if Miss Lennox ran off only this morning, is not the Major's brain-fever a little premature?"

"Why, I believe I must have made a trifling mistake; it was yesterday morning that the elopement took place. I feel much for that sweet girl Miss Dundas, who, I am told, is devotedly attached to Mr Connor, who paid her by far too much attention, if he did not mean to carry matters farther.—She has been in hysterics ever since she heard of the elopement."

"I cannot believe," replied Mr Mackinlay, "that there is any truth in the report.—the thing seems quite incredible. Sure-

ly if Miss Lennox eloped yesterday morning, we would have heard of it before this."

"You may believe it or not, as you please," retorted Miss Macdonald; "but I can assure you, my information is perfectly correct; and, besides this, there are dragoons out scouring the whole country. Sir Thomas has ordered them to take her dead or alive—And he has offered a reward of fifty guineas to whoever brings her back. The soldiers took the English road, headed by Captain Spencer, who is so much enraged with Connor, for cutting out his friend Major Willoughby, that he has sworn that one of them shall fall. His very holsters were filled with gunpowder, which was smelt half a mile off—And I know for a fact, that none of the coaches are going to town this morning, every horse in the village being engaged by Sir Thomas, to go in pursuit of his daughter—But I must leave you now, for I am going to see how Miss Kennedy is—She was complaining last night, and I mean to inquire for poor Mrs Smellarat,

who was in agonies with ear-ach yesterday : ill-natured people say she got it with listening at a key-hole ; but we must not believe all we hear."

" Bless me," said Miss Mackinlay, " now that I have time to look at you—I wonder you were not mobbed ! How could you come through the village with your mantle the wrong side out, marrowless shoes, and paper in your hair ?"

" Really," said her friend, " I was so taken up with the poor Lennoxes, that I never observed the terrible figure I was : but do allow me to step into your room to make myself fit to be seen."

" Come this way," said Miss Mackinlay, very coolly, ushering her into Mr Mackinlay's apartment.

" Will you have the goodness to lend me a pair of shoes ? I shall return them the moment I get home."

Miss Mackinlay glanced at a pair of broad splay feet, and then, with a very, gloomy air, left the apartment to rummage

her repositories for the very oldest shoes in her possession, and which she soon presented to Miss Macdonald, who, finding she could not get them on, either by fair means or foul, was constrained to request Miss Mackinlay to send her servant for her other walking shoes ; and begged, at the same time, to be allowed to remain where she was till the servant's return. Miss Mackinlay, having agreed to all this, returned to the dining-room, to finish her breakfast, which Miss Macdonald's arrival had so unseasonably interrupted.

As soon as she entered, her brother exclaimed, " Well, what have you done with that prying wretch ? what right has she to come bouncing in upon people before they have got their breakfast well over their throats ; and she must come too, the very day I did not take my beard off ! "

" Don't speak so loud, brother, or she will hear you, as she is in your room."

" In my room !" exclaimed he, dashing down the newspapers. " Who the mischief

put her into my room? and I left an open letter on my dressing-table, which I dare say she has read by this. And pray, how am I to get in to shave? Go, and take her out directly. I will have no such people in my room. Why did you not take her into your own?"

"Because all my things from the washing are lying there, and I knew she would examine the whole of them."

"And do you think, madam, that she is to be allowed to rummage in every press and drawer in my room? Take her out, I say."

"Really brother, you must have patience—she is just waiting till Nelly goes for her shoes. I mean to send her as soon as she has taken away breakfast."

"Never mind the breakfast, dispatch her this moment!" and Miss Mackinlay, finding she must yield the point, sent off the damsel on this mission, and then proceeded to inform her visitor how much she regretted being obliged to leave her, as indispensable



business forced her to go out for an hour. On hearing this, Miss Macdonald could have cried from pure vexation, as she was certain that Miss Mackinlay's indispensable business was neither more nor less than to disperse over the whole village the extraordinary news of the morning, a privilege which she thought of right belonged to herself, and her suspicions were confirmed when she saw Miss Mackinlay sally forth and take the way to Miss Kennedy's.

Miss Mackinlay's hour of absence turned out three ; but with such wonders to relate, who could think of the lapse of time ? But what was her surprise on finding Miss Macdonald still in possession of the disputed territories, and Mr Mackinlay stamping with rage and indignation, on being thus unceremoniously ejected from his apartment !

. It appeared that Nelly had faithfully performed her part in the transaction ; but after having rapped a full half hour, she returned to Miss Macdonald with the agree-

able intelligence that Betty was out, and the door locked. It appeared that Betty, possessing somewhat of her mistress's fondness for news and gossip, had no sooner seen her fairly off, than she also set out on a voyage of discovery, and, unhappily for her, Nelly's domiciliary visit was paid during her absence on this interesting occasion. Great was Miss Macdonald's wrath on learning that her damsel had deserted her post, an offence which she resolved not to pardon, as it had been the occasion of her being confined a prisoner to the house, and deprived of the pleasure of circulating the news of the morning. Betty's delinquency, therefore, did not pass unpunished ; for although she declared that she had never budged from the house, and that she was washing the haggis-bag at the well when Nelly rapped, all would not do ; she was forced to change her quarters, from which perhaps she might draw the conclusion, that gossip as well as game is preserved only for the magnates of the land.

The consternation into which the flight of Ellinor plunged her family, may be more easily conceived than described. The event had been brought about chiefly by the agency of Mrs Lennox, who, enraged with Sir Thomas for forbidding Connor the house, determined on revenge ; and, aware of his dislike to Connor, believed that she could not more completely punish him than by promoting a marriage between him and Ellinor. For this amiable purpose she laboured incessantly to incite Ellinor to rebel against the parental authority, which, unhappily, she found a task of no great difficulty ; but her success here would have been unavailing, had she not also contrived to get Connor to enter into her schemes. To him she related, having just ascertained that in her grandmother's will, Ellinor had been set down for twenty thousand pounds, without deeming it necessary to mention, that, with the caprice incident to old age, she had been scratched out again. The bait took, and Connor, too much irritated

against Sir Thomas, and too eager for revenge, to display his usual caution, instantly made his proposals to Ellinor ; who, urged equally by him and Mrs Lennox, consented to unite her fate with his, and a disgraceful elopement was the consequence of this resolution.

Sir Thomas, who, with all his peculiarities, possessed warm affections and a generous heart, was deeply wounded by the extreme ingratitude and impropriety of his daughter's conduct, in uniting herself to a man with whose character and principles she was totally unacquainted. In the first ebullition of passion, he proposed that Charles and himself should immediately set off in pursuit of the fugitives ; but this plan was opposed by Charles, who represented the utter impossibility of overtaking them, as they were so many hours in advance ; and even supposing that they reached them before the indissoluble knot was tied, Ellinor's disgraceful conduct could not be concealed ; and such was her temper, he was sure if she were ;

forced back like a criminal to her home, she would seize the first opportunity of quitting it again ; he therefore entreated Sir Thomas to abandon all thoughts of recalling her, and conjured him to submit with fortitude to a calamity which unhappily was irretrievable. In consequence of these arguments, Sir Thomas at length agreed to give up all thoughts of pursuing the runaways ; but it was a considerable time before he recovered any degree of composure. On the first discovery of Ellinor's flight, the carriage was sent for Catherine, who, although deeply shocked and grieved at the conduct of her cousin, suppressed her own feelings to give comfort and support to the indulgent parents she had abandoned. The Seftons, too, devoted much of their time to raise the drooping spirits of their friends ; and Amy, deeply attached to Catherine, and grateful for her unwearied kindness, was never so happy as when assisting her in her melancholy task.

Although Spencer had long abandoned

every hope, and even wish that Ellinor should be his, still so much of former feelings remained as to cause him to suffer violent agitation, on learning she had taken a step which he was certain would be fatally destructive of her happiness. Willoughby, too, deplored her infatuation, and certainly his regrets were not lessened on finding himself precluded from relating to Catherine his long-cherished love, his hopes and fears, as the Lennoxes excluded all visitors, with the exception of the Seftons and Amy ; but trusting that the sentence of exclusion would soon be removed, he tried to be patient—whether or not he succeeded, let lovers determine.

It was now that the superiority of Catherine's character became fully known ; she calmed Sir Thomas, comforted and consoled Lady Lennox, and soothed Charles. Mrs Lennox was the only member of the family who took the affair coolly. She for her part saw nothing to make such a fuss about—Ellinor, to be sure, had run off, but whose

fault was that ? Was it not plain, that if Sir Thomas had not behaved so rudely to Mr Connor, they might just have married in the usual hum-drum way ; besides, many a one as good as Ellinor had run off before her, and in her opinion, it saved a world of ceremony and trouble ; and so far from being in distress about what had happened, she thought they should all be thankful Ellinor had made so good a match, and that she had married a gentleman, and one who had no cause to be ashamed of his relations.

“ If he has no cause to be ashamed of his relations,” replied Charles, with heat, “ his relations have great cause to be ashamed of him—no man of principle would act as he has done.”

“ As to his principles,” replied Mrs Lennox coolly, “ I suppose they are pretty much like the principles of other young men. But pray, where were the principles you make such a fuss about, when your sister agreed to run off with him ?”

“ I am far from supposing,” said Charles

angrily, "that Connor alone is to blame—I have no intention of exculpating Ellinor."

"It is just as well, for I believe you would find it rather a difficult task; in fact, I think Mr Connor has got the worse bargain of the two—I am sure he never would have thought of her, if she had not thrown herself so continually in his way—the attentions were all on her side. He might easily have got as pretty a wife in his own country."

"I wish to heaven he had, madam," replied Charles.

"I dare say," answered Mrs Lennox, with provoking calmness, "he will very soon agree with you."

"Charles," said Catherine, "this is worse than useless; why should we increase our present trial by dissension and recrimination—Go to Sir Thomas, my dear cousin, you will find your best consolation in soothing his affliction."

"You are right, dear Catherine," said Charles, as he rose to obey her, "it is foolish to make matters worse by our disputes."



The evil is irremediable, and I fear that poor Ellinor will soon learn to look on this day as the most unhappy one of her life. Few circumstances can justify such a step as she has taken. Connor must feel this, and he cannot, will not, respect her as a wife ought to be respected ; indeed, in all probability he will be the first to upbraid her with her imprudence."

" Let us hope better things," replied Catherine ; " his affection for her may reform what is faulty in his character."

" Affection for her !" replied Mrs Lennox, with a scornful laugh ; " he has no more love for her than I have."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

*The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth—  
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love  
Accompany your hearts!

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

THIS painful occurrence rendered Sir Thomas very impatient to leave the scene where it had taken place, and he accordingly issued orders for his family and household to be in readiness to leave the village in two days, and to accompany him to his country seat. To this determination Catherine listened with outward calmness, but sorrow was in her heart. She had entertained the hope that some happy chance would enable Willoughby to declare the attachment which she was aware he felt for her—even this hope was now torn from her. From the hurried nature of their departure, and Lady Lennox being totally incapable to afford any assistance in preparing for their removal,

everything was left to Catherine, who endeavoured, by devoting herself to promote the comfort of others, to still her own grief. But vain was the attempt—she loved and was beloved, yet they were about to part, ignorant of each other's sentiments, and she felt that their happiness would be the sacrifice. Catherine neither shed a tear nor breathed a sigh, yet the agonies of her mind affected her appearance so much, as to draw the attention of Lady Lennox and Charles, as they sat with her on the evening before their departure.

“ My dear cousin,” said Charles, “ I fear you have suffered very much from your kind exertions to support our spirits under the late shock. I don't like that pale cheek—and I am convinced that you are quite incapable of bearing more fatigue—you require to be cheered and amused as much as any of us, and yet I see the whole burden falls on you—Now, I propose, that the Scf-tons, Miss Talmash, and Spencer, shall all be invited to accompany us, and spend a

month or two before they go south. This will prevent us from brooding over what has happened, and their agreeable society will restore our cheerfulness—what say you, my good mother, to my plan?”

“ I am sure, my dear Charles, if it will afford any pleasure to Catherine, I will be most happy to adopt it. She is more to me than a daughter !” and her tears fell fast.—Catherine, unable to speak, tenderly pressed her hand.

“ Well then,” said Charles, “ that point is settled—Go, Catherine, and get your bonnet, we shall be in time for tea ;” and in half an hour after, Catherine and Charles entered Mrs Sefton’s drawing-room, where, in addition to the family circle, they found Willoughby and Spencer.

The deep emotion of Catherine was vividly painted on her varying cheek. Her agitation was observed by Mrs Sefton, who, by addressing herself to Charles, gave Catherine time to recover in some degree her self-possession, and after a short interval to

state the object of her visit. On hearing they were to leave the village next day, Willoughby changed countenance, and Mrs Sefton looked her amazement.

“Why do you look so surprised, Ellen?” asked Catherine; “you were aware that we had fixed to go to-morrow, and I expected you over this forenoon to take leave of us.”

“I may well look surprised,” answered Mrs Sefton, “as this is the first intimation I have had of your movements.”

“And you leave us to-morrow, dear sister?” said Amy, in a tremulous voice. “Ah, how can I bear to part with you!”

“We must not part yet; you will all go with us—I am sure, my dear Ellen, you cannot deny Lady Lennox’s wish—indeed we cannot do without you.”

“Upon my word,” replied Mrs Sefton, “the sudden resolution of going off to-morrow has taken me so much by surprise, that I scarcely know what I am about—did you write me of your intentions?”

“Indeed I did, knowing that you could

not come to us yesterday, and gave the letter to the coachman to carry over to you, but I suppose the hurry of our removal made him forget it. But you will go, Ellen? You really must enliven our solitude for a few weeks."

"There is nothing I should like half so much ;—but I must consult that bashaw in the corner. Now don't laugh, Harry, as if I were paying you a fresh compliment, for I take all present to witness that I am ready to perform my part of our agreement. Know then, good people, that when this gentleman consented to come down to Scotland, he stipulated that we were to return home for the shooting season ; it therefore rests with him to decide the present question—Now, my good man, what say you ? I shall be very glad to spend a few weeks with our friends, but if you wish to go south, say the word, and I shall pack up to-morrow without a pout or a frown. Nay, I am ready to carry your game-bag over the fields—praise your dogs, and admire your gun. I would

be the most ungrateful creature on earth were I to hesitate a moment to sacrifice my wishes to one who so kindly indulges all my whims."

The look which Sefton now bestowed on his wife rewarded her amply for her self-denial. Surely if domestic tyrants were to feel but for one moment how sweet it is to govern by love, the frowning brow and harsh command would be for ever discarded.

Assuming a grave expression, Sefton said, "Your speech has certainly surprised me considerably—I think there ought to have been no hesitation or doubt as to our motions;" then seeing the suffusion of her cheek, he continued, "You have injured me by supposing I would object to comply with Lady Lennox's request, and I must devise some fitting punishment."

"Ah, you wretch!" said Mrs Sefton, recovering her gaiety, "what a fright you gave me—I thought you in a real rage.—Well, my dear Catherine, you hear the boon is granted: but we shall not be able to go

so soon as to-morrow ; therefore, if Sir Thomas cannot be prevailed on to postpone his journey for a few days, we must just follow."

Catherine assured her that Sir Thomas would not remain another day.

" Well then, we must join you—I see by Amy's countenance I may answer for her ; and as to Captain Spencer, he is quite at my disposal."

" I am exceedingly happy to hear it," replied Spencer ; " you will find me on this occasion a very obedient subject."

" You shall not want your sport, Sefton," said Charles—" I promise you excellent shooting on my father's estate, which is tolerably extensive, and I quite pique myself on my dogs. Willoughby," continued he, observing his dismay and confusion, " I wish I could persuade you to come back to us. I know you must go south with the regiment ; but do try, my good fellow, to get leave of absence for a few weeks—you have seen almost nothing of Scotland, and



I assure you we think our part of the country not devoid of attractions."

Willoughby with difficulty articulated a reply.

Catherine now rose—"Farewell, dear Ellen! we shall soon meet again."

"You shall not go till you have visited the lime walk and the loch. Come, good folks, let us all take a stroll, the evening is fine, and I must be allowed to marshal the array. You, Amy, are not to go beyond the gravel walk, as the grass is rather damp; and I appoint Mr Lennox and Captain Spencer to see that my orders are obeyed. As to you, Major Willoughby, if you have any affection remaining for your once favourite haunts, you may follow me."—And Willoughby quickly obeying the summons, walked in silence by Catherine, who had taken the arm of Mrs Sefton. In this manner were visited the garden, the rustic seat, the loved lime walk. As they proceeded onwards, however, the path became narrower and admitted two only.

“ Harry,” exclaimed Mrs Sefton, “ you must positively climb up that bank and pull some of these delicious filberts.”

“ Delicious filberts ! they are not half ripe ; in fact, they are absolutely green.”

“ But I like them best green. Do you and the Major,” said she to Catherine, “ go on, and we shall follow you directly. I am just waiting till Sefton pulls me a few.”

Catherine appearing to hesitate, Willoughby settled the point, by drawing her arm within his, and proceeding down the path which skirted the border of the loch.

“ Positively, Ellen,” exclaimed Sefton, “ these nuts won’t be eatable for a fortnight.”

“ I have not the least doubt of it. Do you believe I cared a straw about them ? why, man, I think you are as green as the nuts. I was at a terrible loss for an excuse to drop behind the lovers ; if I had not seen the filberts, I believe I must have sprained my ankle.”

“ Do you think they will be as happy as we are, Ellen ?”

“ Not quite ; but they may be the next happiest couple in the world. We must saunter about till they return, for Catherine would be dreadfully disconcerted were we to go home without her. She is a charming creature—were it any one but Willoughby now pleading for her love, I would be full of fears and doubts ; but I think him worthy of her, and praise can go no farther. After all, there is certainly no happiness on earth like that arising from a well-assorted union.”

“ A fair confession,” replied Sefton, laughing.

“ Recollect, Master Harry, that I said a well-assorted union ; which, in my opinion, occurs in about one instance of five hundred.”

“ Oh, you heretic ! how dare you sport such doctrines ?”

“ Orthodox, my friend, orthodox ! What does Johnson say ? Why, he always wondered to find any man who did not marry, and any woman who did.”

“ Come, come, I won’t permit you to promulgate such sentiments. I believe there is a great deal of happiness in the married state, and will maintain the assertion.”

“ I believe so too,” replied his wife, “ and was only tempted to say the contrary, by way of taking down your vanity a little.”

“ You are a sad creature, Ellen.”

“ No, I am not, I am as merry as happiness can make me—But I hope these two won’t tumble into the loch. I bet you a pair of gloves that they don’t know whether that is the sun or the moon which is shining so beautifully. Madam Luna appears in a wonderfully good humour to-night—By the by, we had better go and send home the trio in the avenue. Amy should not be exposed to the dew. That affair is in a prosperous state also.”

“ Spencer, however, was greatly shocked on hearing of Ellinor’s elopement, and more agitated than I liked.”

“ And, if he had not been shocked and agitated, I would have had a very bad opi-

nion of him. You know, or ought to know, that a man retains long a tender recollection of the woman he has once loved, unless she forfeits this by very glaring faults, and Spencer is so recently emancipated from El-linor's chains, it would be wonderful indeed, if he had already ceased to feel an interest in her fate. These recollections, however, will fade away gradually,—and I trust our pretty Amy will recompense him for all he has suffered.”

We do not consider ourselves bound to state how long our lover took to tell his wishes “under the hawthorn in the dale.” Certain it is, however, that a bright broad-faced harvest moon shone on hill, loch, and wood, when Catherine and Willoughby once more stood amidst their friends, on the little lawn in front of this happy dwelling. Something was muttered about losing their way and taking a wrong path. Mrs Sefton looked anxiously at Catherine, but her veil was down,—nothing could be discovered there. She turned to look at Willoughby—one glance was enough.

“Heaven bless you, dearest Catherine!” whispered Mrs Sefton, pressing her hand. And in a few minutes this happy party separated soon again to meet, though not in “thunder, lightning, and in rain.”

Having seen the affairs of our favourite Catherine so agreeably arranged, we must, before taking leave of our readers, devote a page to some of the other personages of our story.

We wish it had fallen to our lot to detail the reformation of the BUSY BODIES—With what joy would we have related, that struck with remorse at the consequences of their thoughtless folly, they had resolved for the future, to see no faults but their own. This, though “a consummation devoutly to be wished,” is scarcely to be expected. A love of gossip is a disease to which the idle and ignorant are peculiarly liable; and they unhappily form a very large proportion of every community. It has been well said, that if the mind is not stored

with useful knowledge, it will become a magazine of trifles—and every passing day confirms the assertion.

The Lennox family accomplished their journey home without accident, and were soon followed by the Seftons, Amy, and Spencer ; and before a fortnight elapsed, Willoughby joined their circle. If the quiet composure of Catherine had ever been deemed a blemish, it was now removed. Her “bosom’s lord sat lightly on his throne ;” her gentle gaiety seemed to infuse new life into Sir Thomas, who loved her as his own child, and Lady Lennox, who had all the feelings of a mother for her kind consoler. Catherine was indefatigable in her efforts to win back her friends to their former cheerfulness ; nor would she listen to Willoughby’s entreaties, to fix a period for their marriage, until she saw the clouds of sorrow beginning to disperse. In the quiet of domestic life only could Catherine’s virtues be fully known ; and day after day did Willoughby still more highly appreciate his

happiness in having gained her noble heart. He saw in her not only the tender friend, and accomplished companion, but the comforter of the poor, the support and stay of the widow and the orphan, whose gratitude and prayers followed her.

When Catherine found her endeavours to restore cheerfulness to her home crowned with success, she yielded to the importunities of Willoughby, to fix an early day for their marriage ; and surrounded with attached friends, and followed by the blessings of all who knew her, Catherine Dundas was united to Willoughby, who received her as the greatest blessing Heaven could here bestow. Nor did years, and a more intimate knowledge of her character, tend to make him alter his opinion. Dear as Catherine Dundas was to his heart, he was yet to find that his attachment to Catherine Willoughby exceeded it tenfold.

A very different fate awaited the unhappy Ellinor. Deeply repenting the step she had taken—and meeting from the man for



whose sake she had become an alien from her family, only reproaches and neglect, instead of tenderness and love, her life was passed in repining and discontent ; while Connor, displeased with her selfishness and caprice, and disappointed of the fortune he had expected, openly regretted having burdened himself with a useless fine lady. Stung to the quick by this avowal, Ellinor, by the violence of her temper, added fuel to the flame, and aggravated those evils which a more mild and forbearing disposition might have alleviated. From these disputes and reproaches Connor sought a solace at the gaming table, where he spent the most part of his time, leaving his wife to employ herself in any way she chose. Thus passed the days of the young, the beautiful, the idolized Ellinor Lennox, who found, from bitter experience, that the triumphs and empire of beauty are fleeting as a breath ; that those who neglect their most sacred duties, will, sooner or later, be made to feel, that none

can sin with impunity ; and contrasting her lot with the happy fate of Catherine, she was forced to confess, that even here there is a reward for the righteous.

FINIS.

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